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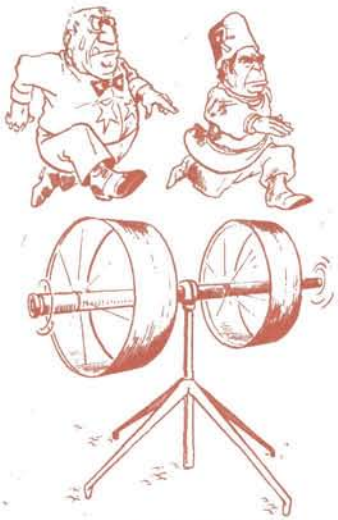

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The Gnomes of Manhattan
How New York Went for Broke
ROBERT LEKACHMAN

Carter's Russia Watchers
THE TRILATERALIST STRADDLE
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Boston After Louise Day Hicks
NO MORE MILEAGE IN BUSING
Howard Husock

JAMES SLOAN ALLEN
Eleanor Marx Between Two Worlds

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LETTERS

when girls mature

Northridge, Calif.

Michael Castleman's "Why Teenagers Get Pregnant" [*The Nation*, Nov. 26] puts up an important problem in today's society, but it takes off from a false premise. He implies that girls in the 19th century could not become pregnant in their early teens because they did not have their menarche until age 17. This quite simply is erroneous. There is a great deal of information in medical, ecclesiastical, legal and other sources, and there is general agreement that European women in the classical, medieval and modern periods began menstruating at about 13, although there are a lot of individual variations and some area variations. Teenage pregnancy was also a problem in the 19th century; all he needs to do is read the literature. Thus we are not facing a new problem but one accentuated by increasing teenage sexual experience by females with males whom they do not intend to marry. What is essentially different from the past is that girls are becoming as promiscuous as boys, and that is a radical change.

Vern L. Bullough, Director,
Center for Sex Research, California State University

San Francisco, Calif.

Professor Bullough's letter makes two points: girls' age at menarche has not decreased in the past century, and girls have become as "promiscuous" as boys.

I stand by what I said about menarche. Medical texts trace a decline of about four months per decade over the past century in the average age of menarche. That average was 17; it is now about 12. The age *range* of menarche has always been broad and remains so. No doubt some Civil War-era girls reached menarche at 13, but the *average* age was 17. A recent study published in *Obstetrical and Gynecological Survey* (4-76, 31:4) found that 633 Boston-area girls reached menarche at ages ranging from 9 to 17 but that the average age today is 12. I am interested in Professor Bullough's evidence to the contrary and invite him to send me citations through this magazine.

The word "promiscuous" implies casual, indiscriminate sex. The available evidence indicates that teens—especially girls—are, in fact, fairly discriminating about lovemaking, particularly first intercourse. A recent study by Drs. Lieberman and Mahoney for the American Public Health Association found that more than half the 227 teen girls they interviewed had planned their first intercourse at least several days in advance. As I tried to point out, many adults believe teen sex is wrong and "promiscuous" whether it is unplanned or planned carefully. This attitude confuses teens. It suggests that adults are hypocritical about teen lovemaking—adults say, "Don't do it without planning for birth control," but too often adults mean, "Don't do it, period." I wish adults would let go of loaded terms like "promiscuous." These terms immediately put teens on the defensive about a subject most already believe adults cannot discuss openly. . . .

Michael Castleman

Israel's responsibility

Portland, Ore.

When Abraham Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation he merely put into effect that part of the Declaration of Independence which stated that all men are created equal. No reward or compensation was expected from the Negroes except to be decent free men.

No one should attempt to minimize the credit due Anwar Sadat for his publicly proclaiming that Israel is a free and independent state and should be treated as such. Nor should he or any of the Arab states demand any reward, compensation or tribute from Israel because of Sadat's forward step in human relations—except to be a decent, free and independent nation.

Reuben Lenske

EDITORIALS

Media Shuttle

If Sadat was right in saying that the Arab-Israeli problem is 70 percent psychological, it begins to look as though the remaining 30 percent is media, not substance. Not that we have a right to expect an instant brotherly embrace between Moslems and Jews in the Middle East. But, somehow, whatever progress is or is not being made toward a settlement is obscured, not clarified, by the Christmas Day meeting between Sadat and Begin in Ismailia, with the communications satellite in the sky taking the place of the star of Bethlehem as the symbol of the birth of an era.

Begin and Sadat are both geniuses at what might be called media-tion. Remove the hyphen and what have we got to show for all the interviews with Cronkite, Walters, Chancellor and company? No detectable advance; just motion (and emotion). Shuttling and paper shuffling fill the air and the air waves.

Begin's trip to the United States was extremely revealing. It showed that for him the American President is the Great Mediator. In other words, it is an "American" plan that he is trying to test in a most gingerly way. Sadat, too, seems to find shelter under Washington's wing. The American presence hovers more visibly over the tentativeness of the Sadat-Begin talks.

Several things are wrong with that. Israel's leaders have always been right when they said that lasting peace with their neighbors must be made by them alone, face to face with the Arab nations. It required that the neighbors recognize their right to existence, as against extermination. No country, whatever its power, can impose a geometrically precise settlement on the Middle East—the angles there are too irregular to fit into any pattern. Beyond that, the United States has too many and too varied interests in that region, notably including oil, to play the role of a peacemaker, trusted by all.

For these and other reasons, Carter seems not to have bought the plan Begin brought to Washington. He failed to criticize it publicly but it appears that he is saying "more." In that sense the Begin proposals have lost their American stamp, despite his effort to color them red, white and blue. Clearly, the United States cannot be, or seem to be, in favor of a separate peace between Israel and Egypt that would greatly advantage the Israelis by neutralizing their western flank. Sadat has in any case firmly rejected such a scheme; if he did not, he would lose all credibility in the rest of the Arab world.

The crux remains the Palestinian question. On that Begin has moved not at all. The talk of civil autonomy on the West Bank is negated by the insistence on a continued Israeli military presence and control. And the Palestinians would be right to doubt the seriousness of the autonomy idea when they see the ninety Israeli settlements that have been put there since 1967, a few of them since Begin took office (he now seems ready to discuss substantially reducing their number). It is discouraging to recall, when one thinks of a Palestinian "homeland," that some 2.3 million of them are scattered abroad—what if they wanted to come "home?"

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The process that has begun was bound to be long and tortured, so it is too soon to be discouraged. But we should start paying attention to the fact that Begin is still somewhere near dead center. He acts as if he were under no particular pressure to make concessions on the Palestinian question. If that goes on much longer, not only will the potential recruits to the Arab "acceptance front" not join the game but the Egyptians will have to drop out. Then all that would be left would be the memory of a long-running television spectacular—quite a show but no more than that.

Still a Good Old Boy

Bert Lance is living evidence of the saw that you can't keep a good man down (as his friend President Carter might put it). The Securities and Exchange Commission, various bank examiners and a grand jury in Atlanta, all of them taking hard looks at his affairs, might have trouble with the qualifier in that saying. For them it remains to be proven that he is "good," or even honest.

The Arabs, however, accept Lance as he is, warts and all. According to *The Washington Post* (December 18), a powerful group from the world of oil is hot after him to head up an outfit that will steer Arab petrodollars into American banks and other investments. It is enough for them that Lance still stands in so well with the President that he is to be master of ceremonies and chief fund-raiser at a $1,000-a-plate Democratic dinner in Atlanta on the first anniversary of Carter's inauguration.

It's an extremely revealing tale about the manners and morals of the Carter administration, of bankers and of rich Arabs. One of its more fascinating aspects is that it would be a big bail-out for Bert Lance himself and for the Georgia National Bank, whose fortunes have declined about as fast as Lance's own. If the deal goes through, it looks as though an Arab group would take charge of Lance's old bank (which he controlled and evidently mismanaged for two years before Carter put him at the head of OMB), and as though, with emirs and sheikhs hauling on the ropes, Lance would be pulled back from the brink of personal bankruptcy.

Everyone knows that the rich Arabs are having a hard time. Choked with dollars from the extortionate oil prices of the past four years, they have trouble finding places to invest their easily gotten gains. Not all businessmen savor the notion of an oil-bloated partner. But the greedy and the capital-short in the West have welcomed Arab participation in their affairs.

It seems that not one, but two, Arab financial outfits were eager to ride to Lance's rescue. The one the *Post* took note of on December 18 apparently dropped out of the bidding, and on December 21 *The New York Times* ran on page 1 a report that the winner was Ghaith R. Pharaon, owner of Saudi Arabia's largest private enterprise, a company with the intriguingly fashionable name of the Saudi Research and Development Corporation. Pharaon offered $20 a share for up to 60 percent of the National Bank of Georgia stock. That is a comfortable $3 a share higher than what Lance paid for the stock when he bought control of the bank, and it is more than twice what the shares sank to when it be-

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came known that Carter's right-hand man had his fiscal feet stuck in quicksand.

This enterprising Saudi businessman has other interesting connections besides the one that is about to bloom with Lance. It seems that he bought control of the grandly named Main Bank of Houston, one of whose investors is none other than John B. Connally, Nixon's former Secretary of the Treasury. Pharaon's lawyer is a partner in Connally's law firm. Oilmen stick together.

The doings of Bert Lance would not be worth the telling were it not for the fact that President Carter still finds it possible to use the services of this amazingly dubious character, discredited as he is in most quarters but not in those bright blue eyes. And, once Lance has put his money problems behind him, thanks to the Arabs, he may come back to Washington. He told the BBC the other day that he wants to "keep his options open" on that, and that he would like to help prevent "an adversary relationship between the people and the government." That's a rather mystifying notion. It could be that he's thinking of his Presidential mentor's re-election, which has adversary aspects. Or he may have in mind just one of the American people, himself, and the adversary relationship inherent in a possible criminal prosecution.

City Built on Sand

We turn now to banking of a more serious sort—that is, the kind that helped push New York City to the very edge of insolvency and now begs the federal government to help bail everyone out. As the economist Robert Lekachman points out in this issue, in a trenchant and often hilarious analysis of the SEC's report on the city's "securities," New York's bankers had their heads in the clouds when they were not planted in the sand, and failed to see what was happening until almost too late.

A few days ago these proud financiers from Wall Street trooped down to Washington to ask Senator Proxmire's banking committee for further handouts for New York City. One of them said "the alternative is bankruptcy." Another called the city's situation "precarious." (That was Edward Palmer, chairman of the executive committee of Citibank, the largest of the group, whose faith in the city's future was recently measured by its $60 million worth of New York's municipal securities in a portfolio counted in the billions.)

Congress and the executive branch of the federal government are equally leery of getting further involved in the shaky finances of the nation's largest city. Behind this one big beggar they see the specter of other municipalities lined up at the Capitol with hands outstretched. Brace up, says Uncle Sam. Cut social services; down with the amenities; slice payrolls to the bone; sweat the civil service workers. You can do it if you try.

The whole story is full of irony and not a little tragedy. People who live in the big cities are already suffering from reduced standards of public services, and naturally those who own no city bonds or much of anything else feel the worst of it. These people might have been better off if New York City had indeed gone bankrupt; the cost of that purgation would have been borne by the owners of the city's debt, both individuals and institutions. Any "master" in bankruptcy appointed by the courts would have had to do two things: assure the continuance of essential services, on a scale that would undoubtedly have exceeded the present inadequate level, and reduce the debt to a manageable figure. It would be painful, for sure, but the discomfort would fall on those with higher thresholds of pain (higher incomes).

As Congress, in all its wisdom and compassion for the huddled millions, considers the statesmanlike (and cheap) solution to this national problem, it might reflect on the fact that one reason why the banks scuttled out of the municipal tax-exempt bond market was that Congress had generously given investors such a cornucopia of other tax shelters. They no longer needed the "municipals" in their vaults and so the city headed down the drain. There's a moral there but it's doubtful that Congress will dare to draw it.

Fat Cats and Kitties

The connections between money and politics in American political life offer endless subjects for speculation. Why is it, for instance, that the Democratic Party, occupying the White House and powerfully controlling Congress and the governments of nearly three-quarters of the states, trembles on the edge of bankruptcy, while the electorally feeble GOP rolls in wealth even when its prospects for power seem dim?

Walter Pincus of *The Washington Post* has added up the sums (December 18) and the Republican National Committee's fund raising in 1977 came to about $10 million, while its equivalent in the Party of the People took in a mere $3.3 million. The breakdown of these totals attacks the conventional wisdom: it is the Democrats who belong to the party of "fat cats" (two-thirds of their funds came from large contributors), while the Republicans reversed that proportion with their thousands of givers in the $25-to-$100 range.

Is it that the Republicans are simply more efficient, more businesslike; do they buy or rent better computers? Are they more passionate, or desperate, about their cause? To sound a more sinister note, does their history suggest that the favors of a Republican government are truly for sale, as Nixon's Maurice Stans seemed to be telling the corporate launderers back in the $60 million heyday of 1972? The numbers of small contributors to the GOP's bulging kitty would seem to negate that hypothesis.

A degree of cynicism seems to be in order. It begins with the observation that Democrats manage to get elected despite the traditional messiness of their finances at the national party level. Given their long history of electoral success, there is a presumption that Democrats have an easier time winning. That does not necessarily mean that they can triumph through sheer virtue and appealing rhetoric. But if they need money to grease the ways, they can usually get it from quarters that expect them to win and be properly grateful. At the highest (political) level, let us recall the gratitude of President Carter, as expressed in the awful cargo-preference bill, to the maritime interests which made sound bets at the critical moment on his chances at the polls.

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It is well known, and generally deplored, that the national party organizations are in trouble. Personal candidacies are the rage in this media age and it is quite normal, even customary, for the runners to suppress their party affiliation until they get comfortably into office. That phenomenon has not stopped the Republicans from raising wads of money for Congressional races. The two Congressional committees of the GOP scooped up $10 million in 1977, while the Democrats were having a hard time raising a million. In 1978 the Republicans on the Hill aim for $14 million and will probably get it; the "dominant" party will surely lag far behind.

After observing that President Carter is very much above it all and has done little to help raise money for his party's debts of nearly $2 million (not to mention his own "outsider's" campaign obligations of between $300,000 and $400,000), we should end on a positive note. One of the President's men told Pincus that Carter "just doesn't like fund raising." If that isn't upbeat enough, a Washington lobbyist is quoted as saying that the money problem for the Democrats arises from the fact that Carter's administration "is a clean operation . . . no promises of access or hope of getting anything special done for you."

Sherrill v. the Secret Service

After a long legal battle, Robert Sherrill, who for years was *The Nation*'s distinguished Washington correspondent, has won the right to a White House press pass. The case is academic but important. It is academic because Sherrill is no longer a journalist who practices that profession on a daily or weekly basis—he spends all his time these days writing good books and articles that do not require his presence in the White House press room. But it is important that Judge Magowan of the District of Columbia U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed the right of a "bona fide Washington correspondent," which Sherrill certainly was, to have a press pass or be told why one has been denied to him.

As the court case brought by Sherrill revealed, the Secret Service banned him in 1966 from access to that particular precinct of power because, years ago, he had been convicted of taking a swing at a Florida Governor's press secretary, for which act he was duly fined. "For reasons of security," the Secret Service withheld the pass, though it was six years later, in 1972, that Sherrill learned the reason for the ban.

Whose security, one wonders? President Johnson's? President Nixon's? Ron Ziegler's? The sad truth is that the White House press regulars seldom laid a glove on those characters, even figuratively. Sherrill might have done better, again figuratively—it would have been nice to witness a verbal Sherrill left hook to a Ziegler who might thus have been made truly "inoperative."

There would have been no danger to anyone's physical security if Robert Sherrill had been admitted to Presidential briefings, but there would surely have been less political security in the Nixon White House if this aggressive journalist had been there. Now Judge Magowan has ruled that journalists must be told why they are barred and that there must be "explicit and meaningful standards" for such denials. A principle of decent and open public behavior has been vindicated by the court. We salute Judge Magowan along with the excellent Sherrill, who insisted that this be done.

Out of Kilter

Television viewers watched the replay for two days, so great was the interest in the action. Then Lawrence O'Brien, commissioner of the National Basketball Association, pronounced judgment. A fine of $10,000 was imposed against Kermit Washington of the Los Angeles Lakers, who was also suspended without pay for a period of sixty days. The offense: Washington, 6 ft. 8 in., weighing 235 pounds, had slugged Rudy Tomjanovich of the Houston Rockets who was running toward him at full speed when the blow landed. Tomjanovich suffered a fractured skull, jaw and nose, and is lucky to have survived, for the blow, delivered as it was, had the force of a sledgehammer.

Since then the media have reverberated with pro-and-con discussions of the commissioner's decision. Was it fair? Will it check violence in professional basketball? Did the action itself reflect racial antagonism? Do managements encourage "aggressive" play? Do the various teams have players who are known as "troublemakers" or "enforcers"? Would a third referee help check violence? On and on and on. One or two sports writers viewed the incident as symptomatic of larger problems in the society, problems of money and ego and incentives, but their comments went largely unnoticed.

In quest of wisdom, *The New York Times* turned to a current book, *Basketball by the Pros*, by Gloria and Jim Cummins, and there found a player, Jim McMillian of the New York Knickerbockers, quoted to this effect: "Some people say basketball players are getting paid more than the President. Personally, I think salaries are out of kilter. But then the entire value system in America is out of kilter. So if you go on that premise, players are only in tune with what's happening everywhere else. For example, a player making $200,000 to $400,000 a year. How can you say with a straight face 'I'm worth it'? But then, if you see someone making $200,000 and you know you are a better player than he is, then you base your worth [on that] and say, 'I'm worth $300,000.' "

Although not addressed to the particular situation, there is a bit more point to this than to most of the current comment on violence in basketball. Inter-player violence is not the problem nor are racial differences a factor. If all players on all teams were members of the PLO, that would not eliminate violence under present conditions. Nor would new rules necessarily help. The trouble stems from the prevalence throughout professional sports and throughout the society of what might be termed the jackpot syndrome. Individual incentives have become detached from social incentives. The violence is "structural": it is enjoyed by the fans, encouraged by the media, and implicit in player-management relations. If Commissioner O'Brien is to bring a little order into the "sport" of professional basketball, he will need the wisdom of Solomon; for it is, indeed, the entire value system that is out of kilter.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

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BOSTON AFTER LOUISE DAY HICKS

NO MORE MILEAGE IN BUSING

HOWARD HUSOCK

Boston

The November election here provided no raw drama like that of school buses filled with black students staring out at angry white mobs. Perhaps as a consequence, it did not attract the national news film crews who had, in the three previous fall seasons, covered locales like South Boston High School to record such scenes as a school day begun with a walk through a metal detector. But this lack of national fanfare, though understandable, belied the fact that the election is seen here as a watershed for a city so long polarized by race. The 1977 returns, for the first time since violent reaction to court-ordered school desegregation established Boston as the Little Rock of the 1970s, provide reason for a tentative hope that race is fading as the city's dominant political reality.

In choosing a new nine-member City Council and a five-member school committee, voters turned out three incumbents who had built their careers on opposition to "forced busing," including City Councilor Louise Day Hicks. Having led the anti-busing crusade for fifteen years, Hicks had become a national symbol of white backlash to black aspirations. Her defeat was viewed as a major upset; only two years earlier, she had been the city's top vote getter. What's more, at the same time that they were rejecting Hicks, along with anti-busing school committee member Elvira (Pixie) Palladino and City Councilor John Kerrigan, Boston's voters elected a black school committeeman for the first time in this century. He is John D. O'Bryant, a career educator whose credentials—including a master's degree in education—are as unusual on the highly politicized school board as *is his race. He* was elected, moreover, not only because black voters here have become more sophisticated but also because a significant number of whites were ready to support him.

But even Bostonians who hope they are seeing the dawn of a new age of tolerance in their city are not rushing to proclaim it on the basis of one election. The parochial, blue-collar Boston, whose existence—and reaction to school desegregation—seemed to surprise the nation three years ago, has not gone away. This remains a poor city with a history of racial and ethnic division that dates back to the frosty reception given the immigrant Irish by New England Yankees in the 19th century. Racial hostility—including incidents of black, Hispanic and Caribbean families being forced from white neighborhoods—continues. In fact, only days after the election, a group of black Bible students from Pennsylvania were attacked by whites when they were visiting the Bunker Hill monument in the city's all-white Charlestown section. The school desegregation decision remains extremely unpopular, as does the man—Federal Judge W. Arthur Garrity—who ordered it.

What the election results do signal is the apparent end to a fifteen-year period during which opposition to busing offered a sure-fire route to election to the school committee and City Council. It was a time, moreover, when discussion of busing dominated campaigns. This year, despite continuing widespread opposition to it, busing was not an electoral issue. And candidates whose careers had been built primarily on that opposition were, without exception, defeated.

David A. Krathwohl

Louise Day Hicks, St. Patrick's Day, 1975

"Politically, the anti-busing movement is dead," asserts Mary Ellen Smith, executive director of the Citywide Education Coalition, a parents group that has worked to prevent the school disruptions that have followed desegregation. Smith echoes the general opinion here when she ascribes the movement's demise as an issue mainly to the fact that "people have come to accept the idea that busing is here to stay. They realize that politicians who ran on the issue of preventing, overturning or even modifying the court order were unable to deliver. They're looking for political leadership that will deal with a wide spectrum of issues. The anti-busing candidates weren't able to go beyond that one issue—and the issue died."

Indeed, its death had been reflected in the conduct of the campaign. O'Bryant had observed before the elec-

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tion, for instance: "I did a lot of house parties, even in white conservative areas, and I was only asked twice for my stand on busing." (He responded by saying busing is not an issue, educational quality is.) And even the anti-busing incumbents had apparently realized their issue had become passé. Kerrigan and Palladino both attempted to recast themselves as fiscal watchdogs—Kerrigan for his work as chairman of the City Council's Ways and Means committee, Palladino for work to be done on the budget committee. And Hicks distributed literature emphasizing (and exaggerating) her role in bringing federal community development funds to neighborhoods.

A new image would stick to none of them, and their continuing identification as anti-busing candidates did more than saddle them with a dead issue—it linked them to a movement that most Bostonians have come to view as extremist, even when they resent the desegregation order. The tactics of those who have remained active in busing, such opposition groups as ROAR (Restore Our Alienated Rights), which associated itself with violent resistance to desegregation, have alienated many former supporters. Homeowners with families have an understandably limited appetite for possible armed confrontation with police or blacks. Says one long-time Democratic Party activist from South Boston: "Most of the people around here are against sending their kids out of the neighborhood to school. But people would watch those anti-busing parades and motorcades and see some tough, tough people. People thought they embarrassed South Boston. And they certainly wouldn't do Hicks or any other candidate any good in, say, West Roxbury [a more affluent but similarly Irish-Catholic area]. Most people feel the taking-to-the-streets syndrome is over."

Even so its reduced numbers might not have meant the political end of the anti-busing movement. Its loss of political force was hastened by splintering within ROAR, once the umbrella resistance organization. A powerful, citywide group during the 1975 election campaign, ROAR had, by this year, become hopelessly split along personality lines. At one time or another, Hicks, Palladino and Kerrigan controlled splinter groups. This fracturing reflected well the fact that the city's anti-busing politicians have always been more "pols" than subscribers to a faith. Hicks, for instance, has run for office thirteen times in the past sixteen years, seeking such posts as state treasurer and county register of deeds. (She won a Congressional seat for one term, as well as seats on the Council and school committee.)

The anti-busing movement's splits were crucial in the election, especially in the defeats of Hicks and Palladino. Each fared poorly in the other's home neighborhood this year, as compared to two years ago. (Support for Hicks in Palladino's East Boston section dropped from 58 to 38 percent, while support for Palladino in Hicks's South Boston dropped from 64 to 55 percent.) Significantly, Hicks missed re-election by only 128 votes, while Palladino lacked seventy-six to retain her seat.

It should be noted that factors other than busing contributed to the defeats of the anti-busing candidates. Hicks, who recently underwent eye surgery, has been in poor health and failed to campaign vigorously. Kerrigan was rocked by *Boston Globe* stories revealing that he had maintained the relative of a major campaign contributor as a "no-show" employee on the city payroll, and that his personal secretary was drawing a welfare check along with her city salary.

Kerrigan, however, had survived a series of previous fund-raising and patronage scandals—often by attacking the newspapers that revealed them. (His attacks on "media maggots" prompted *Globe* political reporter Martin Nolan to dub Kerrigan, a resident of the city's Ashmont section, the "Ashmont Agnew." And Hicks campaigned little harder two years ago. Both might again have ridden the busing issue into office, had the issue been there to ride.

It would be wrong to see a direct cause-and-effect relationship between the fall of Louise Day Hicks, et al., and the rise of John O'Bryant. Under the city's electoral system, no one candidate runs specifically against another—all merely seek one of the five school committee or nine Council seats. It isn't necessary for a black candidate to fare well in South Boston nor for a Louise Day Hicks to do well in black Roxbury. A limited base of support can be enough. Hicks lost her seat because her strength eroded in neighborhoods that had traditionally supported her. Black candidates have failed in the past not only because whites, in a city made race-conscious by politicians like Hicks, would not support them but because voter turnout in black neighborhoods was among the lowest in the city. Low black participation has, in fact, been crucial to the success of politicians making race-based appeals: they have not had to fear rivals courting the black community.

This year, O'Bryant drew black voters to the polls in numbers higher than the citywide average: in some black wards, turnout was as high as 41 percent (the city average was 34 percent), and eminently respectable in a nonmayoral election year. Significantly, many blacks "bulleted" for O'Bryant, voting only for him and not casting their other four school committee votes. Traditionally used in politically sophisticated parts of the city, the bullet strategy had never before been so well orchestrated in black neighborhoods. Its use, along with the high turnout, caused considerable post-election comment among white politicians.

O'Bryant, however, could not have been elected by black votes alone. Boston's black community—20 percent of the city's population—is too small for that. O'Bryant was expected to draw white votes in the city's small liberal community concentrated on Beacon Hill and in the Back Bay, where he topped the ticket. Surprisingly, he made respectable showings in blue-collar Catholic neighborhoods where Hicks has long held sway. In the Savin Hill section—which borders South Boston—O'Bryant was supported by 38 percent of voters. In the

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

The Nation will not publish on January 7. Our next issue will be dated January 7-14, 1978.

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same area in 1975—when he ran unsuccessfully—only 25 percent of the voters supported him.

Mary Ellen Smith believes O'Bryant's credentials, which were widely advertised, proved persuasive. (Besides his education degree, O'Bryant is a former school system guidance counselor and currently directs a community mental health center.) "People know the schools need to be improved and they thought he was qualified to improve them," says Smith. "They were able to overlook race."

Despite such hopeful signs, however, it cannot be said, at least on the basis of an election analysis, that the negative politics so long promoted by the likes of Louise Day Hicks has been replaced by any strong positive direction to the city's voting. The top vote getter in the last election, school committee president Kathleen Sullivan (who is engaged to marry former San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto), made much in her campaign not of opposition to busing but of opposition to the handling of desegregation by Judge Garrity. She called on him to return full powers to the school committee. Like a number of younger politicians in ascendancy, she is very much a personality candidate. Raymond Flynn, who came in second in the Council sweepstakes, relied heavily on his opposition, as a state representative, to state-funded abortions. City liberals were also disappointed by the defeat of referendums which would have provided that the City Council and school committee be elected by districts—a change which, they believed, would assure liberal and minority representation.

Nonetheless, the decline of school desegregation as *the* issue gives the politician so inclined a chance to address the common economic problems that afflict all of Boston's aging neighborhoods. Mayor Kevin White—part of whose liberal national image is owed to the fact that his first opponent, in 1967, was Louise Day Hicks—has, on occasion, shown signs of doing so, though he generally seems concerned about neighborhood projects only at election time. His opponent in the 1975 mayoral election, state Sen. Joseph Timilty, was recently named by President Carter to head a new National Commission on Neighborhoods, and has sought to identify himself as an urban neighborhood preservationist. As yet, however, he has not done so with the fervor needed to heal years of division in the city.

Thus it can be said that the decline of school desegregation as an issue has left a vacuum of sorts in Boston politics. But even that is good news. □

CARTER'S RUSSIA WATCHERS

THE TRILATERALIST STRADDLE

ALAN WOLFE

Are the Russians still coming? That question is being asked with increasing frequency in Washington these days, and the answer is by no means clear. Antagonism toward the Soviet Union has been the cornerstone of American foreign policy for much of the post-World War II period. Yet in politics most things become stale, even enemies. By the late 1960s, the fiction that the world's tensions were caused by an aggressive Soviet foreign policy, held in check only by peaceful American restraint, would no longer play. Sensing an enormous political opportunity, the most anti-Communist President of them all sponsored détente, and a breakthrough in U.S.-Soviet relationships was possible. It seemed both logical and inevitable that the election of a Democrat in 1976 would continue the gradual rapprochement with the Soviets and the withering away of cold-war stereotypes.

Initial signs were most favorable. Businessmen think of the foreign policy apparatus as their own toy, and businessmen seemed willing to trade with the Russians. *Fortune* told us that Soviet society was one vast multinational corporation and that the Russian as businessman was more to be trusted than such unreliables as Italians or Greeks. Besides, the Trilateral Commission had been organized, and every indication suggested that the Trilaterals would adopt the trader mentality in which military considerations would yield to questions of profit and loss.

In Carter's first year, men with decidedly moderate attitudes toward Soviet society assumed power. Pragmatic negotiation seemed to have replaced ideological rigidity. The world breathed a sigh of relief, but the relaxation was premature. In the past few months the debate over Soviet intentions has broken out of the polite contours of the first Carter year; there has been a pronounced shift toward the kind of anti-Soviet imagery that was displayed at the height of the cold war.

The obvious cause of this debate is the upcoming ratification of the SALT treaty, the most crucial issue to face the U.S. Senate since the Cooper-Church Amendment that in 1970 cut off funds for extending the war in Southeast Asia into Laos or Thailand. SALT is unambiguous—arms control will, or will not, be negotiated with the Russians. Politicians, detesting situations in which they have to go on record one way or the other, are testing the waters to see how to vote. Henry Jackson —who led the attack on Paul Warnke for allowing the Pentagon Papers to leak—has been leaking a bit himself. It is essential to his purposes that worst-case assumptions

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about Soviet behavior be given credence over any other feasible interpretation.

But it is not with Jackson that the significance of the debate over Soviet intentions lies; one expects little better from him. The real force is being felt within the Carter administration itself. Ever sensitive to the right wing of the Democratic Party, advisers close to Carter have been adopting the key assumptions of the Jacksonian position, while claiming otherwise. In that sense Jackson has already won the debate, whatever the future of SALT.

There are many indications of the new Carter intransigence, the most important, perhaps, being an extremely suggestive if generally ignored speech by Defense Secretary Brown to the National Security Industrial Association on September 15. Brown, a Trilateralist in good standing, had the reputation before assuming office of being a pragmatist and rationalizer, uninterested in military cold warriorism, even sympathetic to arms control. His major aim, it was widely reported, was to cut costs, and if such a move required the propagation of a less than hawkish attitude toward Soviet society, then so be it. But if this was once the case, it is clear from Brown's speech that it is so no longer.

"We now have, and will retain, our options. We will build and improve our forces as necessary. We will not be outgunned. We will not be bullied. We will not be coerced." Brown spoke as if there were an immediate threat to America's borders, when in fact the world is more peaceful today than it has been in years.

Brown's speech was filled with all the discredited theories of nuclear strategy. He spoke of "a credible fighting capacity," of "essential equivalence with the Soviet Union in strategic nuclear forces," and (most incredibly) of maintaining "a defense posture that permits us to respond effectively and simultaneously to a relatively minor as well as to a major military contingency." Brown's words on this occasion were little different from the line of thought that has given us NSC-68 (the founding document of cold-war liberalism), the Kennedy rhetorical inflations of the 1960s and Vietnam. Once again, the world is being seen as bipolar, the Soviet Union is our Manichean enemy, and the United States is being forced to respond to events, however "minor," all around the world.

There was method in Brown's madness. Just before he spoke, a good deal of attention had been paid to a document known in Washington as PRM-10. A highly secret review of Soviet intentions, PRM-10, according to "informed sources," underplayed the aggressive nature of Soviet society. Leaks about its content were clearly "trial balloons" sent up to determine if the time were right for drastically curtailing anti-Soviet rhetoric. Apparently the time was deemed improper. Brown's speech was an attempt to allay fears that the Carter administration had been taken over by the peace forces.

Other evidence of the new hard line comes from within the Trilateral Commission itself. One of the major unfinished objectives of the commission at the time Carter took office was to complete its study of policies toward the Soviet Union. One faction, probably the dominant one within the commission, wished to soften hostility toward the Russians, hoping thus to reduce defense spending and stimulate economic growth. The U.S. Committee on the United Nations, which has among its members Cyrus Vance and Paul Warnke, issued a report, "Controlling the Conventional Arms Race," which argued for arms control on the ground that both defense spending and the cold war were hurting American capitalism. This faction seemed to be the one closest to Carter.

The first pamphlet published by the Trilateral Commission about Soviet intentions shares this general approach. Written by such moderates as Henry Owen of Brookings and Andrew Shonfield of London's Royal Institute of International Affairs (he is the author of one of the best books ever written about modern capitalist societies), this report called for an examination of new areas of cooperation between the United States and the Communist countries. It argued that issues of food, nuclear exports, oceans and trade were ripe for American-Soviet cooperation. Such areas as energy and earthquake technology were seen as having considerable promise for cooperation. Issues where there was potential cooperation, however slight, included development aid, space and meteorology. But the whole thrust of the report was based upon the optimistic premises of "continuing development of East-West economic contacts," and "further progress in arms control."

Alas, the Trilateral Commission was not yet finished. No sooner had the pamphlet on East-West cooperation been published than word began to spread among Trilateral watchers that a new report was in the offing, one that would take a much harder line toward the Soviet Union. This report has not yet been published, but a "discussion draft" made available to me from sources within the commission indicates that a major re-evaluation of Soviet intentions has taken place. For reasons unknown, but probably having to do with the current political atmosphere in Washington, the Trilateral Commission will be coming out with a report much harsher in tone toward the Soviet Union than anything we have yet seen.

Among the authors of the Trilateral Commission's new report on East-West relations are such hard-liners as Jeremy Azreal of the University of Chicago—a former Rand corporation strategic thinker—and Berlin's Richard Löwenthal, widely regarded as one of the outstanding cold-war intellectuals of the postwar period. Given this lineup, what follows is not surprising.

Any attempt to make a worst-case analysis of Soviet intentions faces two stubborn realities. The first is the manifest shift in world tensions away from East-West issues to North-South polarizations. The latter, unlike the former, involve rich nations against poor ones and concern themselves with the distribution of vital resources around the world. A second obvious reality is that for some time the Soviet Union has not been a revolutionary state; its conservatism is obvious not only in its foreign policies but in the nature of its economy and social life. One way to view the new Trilateral Report on East-West relations is that it is an attempt to make the best case for the worst features of the Soviet Union in the face of these new undeniable realities.

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Azreal and Löwenthal (and the third author, Tohru Nakagawa of Japan) concede that the Soviet Union has sought at times to cooperate with the United States, acknowledge that there is an economic crisis in Russia, and even admit that Soviet military technology is behind that of the United States in a number of key areas. Nonetheless, the East-West crisis is for them the focal point of world power, and the United States must orient its strategic apparatus toward the Soviet Union. But the rationale for an anti-Soviet foreign policy can no longer be the old-fashioned cold-war notion of Soviet expansion. Instead, the authors seek a new set of arguments for the continuation of the old ideology.

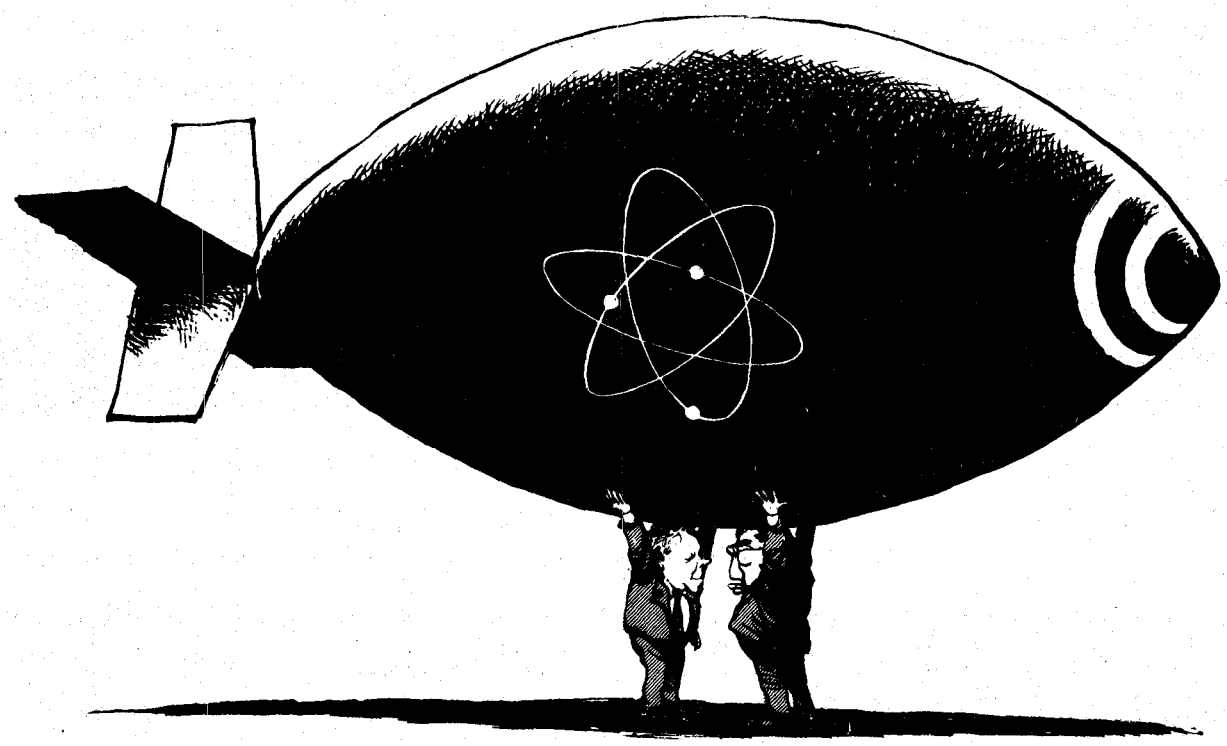
The key issue is whether a stable world order has been created. Henry Kissinger made stability the hallmark of his policy, but these particular Trilateralists take pains to remind us that stability is an illusion. If we accept stability, they argue, then we "confine the West to defensive goals and to a reactive political attitude." What we need is old-fashioned meddling, but in new-fangled garb—"the West should not be content to defend its fundamental values and seek to implement them on its own territory: it should set itself the objective to influence the natural processes of change that occur in the Third World and even in the Communist world in a direction that is favorable rather than unfavorable to those values."

Some idea of what this return to Wilsonian morality would mean can be seen in the example of Western Europe. Should the United States be concerned about Communist participation in Italian or French Governments? Yes, this report argues, but not for the obvious reasons. The problem is not strategic but political. Communist participation would undermine attempts toward European integration and allow the Soviet Union to take advantage of rivalries among major capitalist powers. If this were to happen, the capacity of the West to present a united front to the world would be undermined, and therefore the West could less effectively meddle in order to promote its "values." Eurocommunism is therefore seen not as a threat to our military power but to our political cohesiveness.

From this, it is a short step to the argument that the United States must build more weapons than the Soviet Union, not in order to defend itself but to preserve its political "options." This is exactly what the report concludes, that the West should seek a nuclear strategic superiority that would be "politically meaningful." This means that we should support arms control only if it is backed up by military force, a position quite at odds with that of Warnke. *Realpolitik* has returned with a vengeance.

In sum, the new Trilateral task force on Soviet intentions seeks to maintain the arms race without the discredited clichés about Soviet totalitarianism. The new realism runs as follows: "The Soviet leaders are power-conscious bureaucrats with partly ideological motivation —they are not fanatic adventurers of Hitler's ilk." But if they are only partly ideological, the West, if these Trilateralists had their way, would become completely ideological, seeking the preservation and even the extension of our way of life. Such are the ironies produced by an attempt to revive cold-war ideology when the "material conditions" no longer favor it.

These debates over Soviet intentions put Carter in a bind. If he listens to the economically oriented advisers, he will seek to cut defense spending and relax anti-Soviet propaganda. On the other hand, should the new cold-war militancy take the upper hand, then increased



Oliphant, Washington Star

"First We Agree to Shake Hands—Then *We Worry About How!"*

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defense expenditures and worst-case analyses of Soviet intentions will rule. By increasing defense spending 3 percent per year, Carter has taken his first important steps in the latter direction.

The administration's official view of Soviet intentions remains, however, an attempt to find a compromise between the extreme positions in the debate. On October 26, Marshall Shulman, Special Adviser to the Secretary of State on Soviet Affairs, testified before the House Subcommittee on Europe and the Middle East. Shulman, a Columbia professor with impeccable moderate credentials, tried to embrace both views of Soviet society in his remarks. He noted that we are in a situation of both cooperation and competition with the Soviets, echoing the "Era Two" language of PRM-10. (That document apparently suggested that we could combine both the cold war and détente in a new era of relationships with Soviet society.) But while Shulman showed in his testimony a remarkable ability to avoid ideological controversy, the fact is that the debate is bitter, and neither side will be pleased by a compromise. Either we are having a cold war or we are not, and the hard-liners will certainly push for an answer with all the vigor that has made them such a permanent feature on the Washington scene.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the debate over Soviet intentions. What our officials say about the Soviet Union has consistently reflected what they think about themselves. Those who argue that Soviet leaders want peace generally desire it themselves, while those who tell us that the Russians are preparing for war have exactly that objective in mind. The next few years will be the best opportunity for years to come to make the case to the American people that cold-war distortions can be overcome. Reality has finally intruded upon rhetoric. Whether reality can be recognized depends in large part upon the new rhetoricians who are trying to preserve cold-war rigidities which, now more than ever, have almost nothing to do with the world as it is. □

THE GNOMES OF MANHATTAN

HOW NEW YORK WENT FOR BROKE

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

A while back, I was reading more or less at the same time two enthralling paperbacks. One was Maxine Hong Kingston's *The Woman Warrior*, a powerful evocation of a Chinese girlhood in a San Francisco family. Dragons, demons, heroes and heroines, and ghosts of all kinds float through the filter of her imaginative recollection. Fact and fantasy complexly interweave themselves in a universe of lights and shadows, some of Ms. Kingston's "real people" seeming every bit as fabulous as their supernatural colleagues.

The second volume, no bestseller, is the *Securities and Exchange Commission Staff Report on Transactions in Securities of the City of New York*. This is the SEC document which a season ago played a part in expelling Abraham Beame from the New York mayoralty and, for better or worse, elevating Rep. Edward Koch in his place. Although the report is written in far better than average bureaucratic prose, utters an unusual number of direct judgments on individuals and institutions and, in its way, pursues quite a strong story line, it is of course the work of lawyers and accountants rather than the creation of a prose artist. The seven chapters total 699 pages, not counting 100 more of appendices.

Yet I have read every page, not because I am a masochist but because the SEC has also told a fantastic tale, full of financial fable and personages modeled on Mr. Micawber. The months between September 1974 and March 1975, upon which the SEC investigators concentrated, were rich in devious maneuver and ambiguous public statement by a huge cast of characters in our local ruling circles—officeholders, bankers, bond rating agencies and bond counsel.

It is wise to begin simply. Like other states, New York imposes upon subordinate jurisdictions—cities, counties and towns—the strict obligation to balance each annual expense budget. Although borrowing is legitimate for long-run projects, the capital budget is not supposed to be tapped to pay current expenses. From the last administration of Robert Wagner (circa 1961-65) successive Mayors who know a statute when they see one have dutifully presented a balanced budget each spring. But somehow in that decade and a half the city's short-run debt has steadily ascended.

Thus on June 30, 1974, the municipality had outstanding about $2 billion tax and revenue anticipation notes (TANs and RANs), just about twice the sum held by the public a mere twelve months earlier. These short-term debts were presumably guaranteed by the promise in the coming year of adequate tax collections, primarily from real estate or, in the instance of the RANs, redeemable in eagerly anticipated grants from federal and state sources. The city cheerfully estimated real estate tax collections at 100 percent of the levies imposed, though actual collections were 95 percent of the bills sent out. Equally fanciful were the figures assigned to federal and state subventions.

There is no great mystery about the reasons for this

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borrowing. Each year the city's expenses, many of them mandated by either the state or the federal government, increased about 15 percent, while its revenues climbed only 7 percent. The city could raise taxes only against vigorous protest, reduce services against still more impassioned denunciation by municipal unions, minorities and community groups—or borrow. To say that Wagner, Lindsay and Beame all resorted to the last course of action is to make them neither paladins of leadership nor villains of deceit. In their own way, they were trying to keep the city afloat. It now becomes Mr. Koch's turn to save the leaky ship from foundering.

For years, the city fathers had been estimating their receipts on an accrual basis and their payments on a cash basis. That is to say, all parties agreed to count as cash in the bank property taxes as they fell due, whether or not landlords and developers had actually mailed their checks; federal and state grants were similarly shown as assets, whether or not these distant sources had sent the money, and so on. But as for its own bills, the city recorded an expense only when a check was actually issued. Thus sums not yet received (and perhaps never to be received) were counted as plusses, while huge items like contributions to pension funds were delayed up to two years and acknowledged as minuses only at the moment cash was transmitted. Inevitably, therefore, the city began to run out of actual cash earlier and earlier each year, and borrowing to meet payrolls and honor suppliers' vouchers was unavoidable. So it occurred that in fiscal 1973-74, the city issued $7 billion of short-term debt, more than half the expense budget and an increase of $3 billion over the preceding fiscal year. It was as though a family earning $15,000 a year spent at double that figure, used up its annual income by July 1, and borrowed as much as it earned to survive during the second six months.

Public officials devised more and more ingenious gimmicks to mask these fiscal realities. To inflate receipts yet to be collected, the city included some of its own real estate in the base on which property taxes are imposed. Reserve funds were raided; accounting practices were altered. Increasingly, expense items were shifted to the capital budget, a practice which goes back to Mayor Wagner's use for current purposes of $300 million raised to begin construction of a Second Avenue subway.

None of these and many other maneuvers passed unnoticed. The Citizens' Budget Commission repeatedly warned that the city was cheating. Bank researchers tirelessly identified "an imbalance between revenues and expenditures." Responsible financial types deplored the rising percentage of the city's budgets devoted to paying interest at higher and higher rates on the swollen municipal debt. Yet nobody but these financial prudes, state Comptroller Arthur Levitt, and an occasional newspaper editorialist, seemed seriously worried that one day the money would really run out. Cities don't go bankrupt; something will turn up: of such platitudes, sometimes masquerading as technical analysis, was general complacency compounded. Yet by March 1975 the city was staring into the face of bankruptcy.

One of the questions the SEC report attempts to answer is how the city managed to drift for so long with the essential aid of banks, underwriters and bond rating services that were aware, or surely should have been aware, of steady fiscal deterioration. A part of the answer, according to the SEC, was the sheer confusion in the municipal accounts: "Although it is difficult to completely separate the problems attributable to inadequate internal controls from those attributable to the city's accounting practices, it is apparent that the questionable veracity of underlying financial data served only to compound the incomplete and misleading picture which resulted from questionable accounting techniques." For, alas, the accounts in question were "innately susceptible to errors, irregularities and manipulation." Thus even financial sophisticates might well have underestimated the budgetary squalor. What responsible officials did know, they carefully (and legally) refrained from sharing with the public: "Textual disclosures were almost totally absent, so that even the most sophisticated investor could not evaluate the degree of risk inherent in the obligations of the city."

Why wasn't someone minding the store? For one reason or another, the likeliest candidates were unavailable or uninterested. In defining SEC jurisdiction, Congress had specifically exempted municipal securities from the reporting and disclosure obligations imposed upon publicly traded corporate stocks and bonds. Some cynics have interpreted the vigor with which the SEC has condemned the city's handling of its debt as a bid for broadening the SEC's mandate to cover underwriters of city debt, as well as private bond rating services.

SEC regulators don't have to run cities in financial decline. The high moral tone of the report jars with the grimy realities any Mayor of New York daily confronts. There is no way to avoid the uncomfortable fact that effective budget balancing would entail higher taxes, reduced municipal services, laid-off public workers, or all three. Such actions, or at least the second and third of the trio, are popular among bankers and good-government types. For responsible elected officials, they scream eloquently of confrontation with militant cops, firemen, bridge tenders, sewer workers and sanitation men; virulent taxpayer resentment, and demonstrations by blacks and Hispanics whose interests are most threatened by the closing of municipal hospitals and the shrinkage of the City University, to mention only two popular targets of the budget balancers.

Among its other political peculiarities, New York elects as a separate citywide official a comptroller who, like the Mayor, casts four votes on the Board of Estimate, a body much more important in budgetary matters than the City Council. The comptroller audits city accounts, maintains financial records and, for the rest, spends his time in public disagreement with the Mayor. Every comptroller naturally wants to be mayor and begins his campaign by running against the member of his own party who happens currently to be serving in that office.

During the Beame mayoralty, Harrison Goldin filled the position. As comptroller in his time, Beame had issued

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report after report challenging the Lindsay budgets. Goldin pursued similar tactics in the Beame administration. In response to SEC charges that he had joined the Mayor in deceiving the public about the true financial condition of the city, he asserted that "on more than fifty major occasions, in increasingly grave and urgent language, I warned the public about the city's worsening fiscal condition and budget practices."

There is no doubt that in 1974 and early 1975 Mr. Goldin flooded the media with contradictions of Beame's estimates of expected revenues, future expenditures and resultant budget deficits. Yet, as the SEC sharply recalls, on March 4, 1975, fewer than three weeks before the banks padlocked credit markets to further city borrowing, Mr. Goldin told a lunch meeting of the New York Financial Writers' Association that city obligations "are not now and never have been a credit or security risk." By a kindly interpretation, Goldin was in a no-win situation. If he had faced the financial writers with the truth as he knew it, he would have started a financial panic. By spurious optimism, he at least preserved hope that something could be worked out among the bankers, Washington, Albany, the unions and the politicians.

Goldin evidently held private views at variance with his public reassurances, to judge from his retrospective observation in 1976 that "There was a broad feeling . . . that even though the city's accounting and budgeting had been revealed as a kind of Rube Goldberg conception—a system which defied understanding or control—it was better to leave it alone as long as it churned out enough money to meet the bills and pay the debts."

In other words the allegedly hardheaded types involved in the huckstering of the city's financial paper—bankers, lawyers, rating agencies and bond counsel, were none of them really able to explain how the city could service an ever more imposing leaning tower of debt, $4 billion of it contracted during the six months preceding March 31, 1975 and some proportion acquired as safe investments by pensioners and other small investors.

One judges from the evidence available on paper, as from conversations in 1977 with some of the actors, that until the very end the underwriters—the major banks plus Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith—were genuinely convinced that in case of serious trouble, security holders would possess an ironclad first claim on city revenues. Although an occasional lawyer might have had his doubts, the general view was firm that holders of notes and bonds would really get their checks before municipal workers, Con Ed and the hordes of suppliers, large and small.

Occasionally, some skeptic would raise a dissenting voice. On October 10, 1974, for example, Fitch Investors Services, the least known of the private municipal securities rating services, by way of explaining why it was lowering its rating of city bonds, observed that "funding for the 'police power' function of government might have an equal or superior lien." The next month state Sen. Roy Goodman called the city a "sick patient with a rapidly spreading form of financial cancer." But on that same November 21, that perennial scold, the Citizens' Budget Commission, declared that, although the city had "serious problems . . . they are not insoluble," and any

Don Hesse, St. Louis Globe-Democrat

timid investor in need of reassurance had only to harken to Amos T. Beason's memo to his Morgan Guaranty superior, Executive Vice President Frank Smeal. On December 13, 1974, Beason wrote that "The reported attitude among dealers and investors was that the New York City financial institutions and the state and federal governments would not permit the demise of the city to occur."

As the ultimate days of wrath approached, the city fathers had suggestions still to make. On March 18, 1975, Mayor Beame made one of his pilgrimages to Washington and urged such potentates as Chairman Al Ullman of the House Ways and Means Committee and Sen. Harrison Williams of the Senate Banking Committee to amend the Federal Financing Bank Act to enable the Treasury legally to acquire municipal securities—the shakier the better. Always helpful, the Mayor and his retinue promised to send prompt drafts of the legislation they had in view.

In some ways New York's finances are only marginally sounder in 1978 than they were in 1974. The idiocies of the law courts aside, New York did default on two solemn sets of obligations—its promises of early redemption of notes, and its contractual commitments to the municipal unions.

'Do Your Customers . . . a Favor'

The underwriters of New York notes and bonds are the large local banks, here joined by Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. The six banks upon which the SEC fixed its stare were Chase, Citibank, Morgan Guaranty Trust, Manufacturers Hanover, Chemical and Bankers Trust. Underwriters expect to resell at a profit the bulk of a new issue; they purchase the remainder either for

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their own account or for the accounts of trust customers. Between October 1974 and March 1975 Merrill Lynch and the six banks handled no less than $4 billion of short-term New York City debt.

Did they market these new notes properly? Not according to the SEC: "Their knowledge of the crisis and the city's related problems, the inadequacies of their disclosures of materially adverse information regarding the budgetary and financial problems of the city, and their failure to fulfill their responsibilities to the investing public are detailed." That is hardly the way important bankers are accustomed to seeing their activities described.

The SEC bill of particulars charged that, "Notwithstanding the representations that were being made to public investors, the underwriters became increasingly aware during this period that the city would soon be unable to finance its ever increasing deficit"—for the excellent reason that financial markets were already saturated with billions of dollars of city notes and bonds. Nobody wanted to buy any more, particularly since, "The underwriters were also aware that the basic underpinnings of the . . . Notes, the availability of revenues . . . and the marketability of bonds . . . were in serious question." Knowing these facts full well, the underwriters nevertheless failed to disclose them.

They did worse. Being underwriters, they naturally did their best to hustle the merchandise to the customers. Thus in September 1974, Citibank ordered 60,000 copies of a city publication, "Ten Good Reasons for Investing in the Tax Exempt Bonds of New York City." As late as December, Merrill Lynch was hyping its salesmen with winged words like these: "Do your customers and yourself a favor. Bring this new issue to their attention. These notes are double-barreled obligations and will be at very attractive yields."

But at least some of the underwriters were quietly acting otherwise in other roles. "Certain" of them, in the words of the SEC, "were in the process of reducing or eliminating their holdings of the notes." Others decided not to buy new city debt to replace old debt as it matured. Some of the banks ceased to deal in the city's notes and bonds on behalf of their trust customers, at least without specific instructions to buy or sell. The SEC accepted no excuses: "Whatever reasons led the underwriters to market the city's securities without adequate disclosure, *their conduct cannot be justified under the federal securities law*." (Italics added.)

Late enough in the season to suggest that the insiders knew the game was nearly up, small investors were let in on the action. On November 19, 1974, Comptroller Goldin, with the concurrence of his Technical Debt Management Committee (on which sat representatives of underwriters), decided to issue new notes in the unprecedented small denomination of $10,000. At last the moderately prosperous storekeeper, the pensioner and other timid souls of modest resources were free to enjoy the "safety" and tax-free yields of the municipal market.

The SEC took the trouble to ask some of these poor suckers how the subsequent note moratorium had affected them. They got answers like these:

> My husband and I are too old to convert to ten, and now fifteen, year bonds. We have no other moneys. . . . Our dreams of retirement are utterly shattered. Why are we oldsters tortured so; in the words of Watergate, "left swinging in the wind"?

And,

> I am convinced that in this matter I am a victim of "swindlers." These notes were well rated; there were no warnings given; or else I certainly would not have risked all the various family members' money as well as my own.

In its assignment of guilt, the SEC did not neglect the municipal securities rating agencies—Moody's and Standard & Poor's, both nationally recognized, and Fitch Investors Services, smaller, less well known, but on this occasion far more alert. Bond and note ratings powerfully influence investment decisions, underwriter willingness to handle a new issue, the interest rate attached to that issue, and the sheer legality of purchase by savings banks, life insurance companies and other institutions. In sum, the ratings are "virtually indispensable to the municipality's access to the capital markets."

Thus, although the security raters are profit-making enterprises, their public responsibilities turn out to be enormous. Yet, "During the period covered by the investigation . . . billions of dollars of New York City's securities were sold and traded predicated upon ratings that were based largely upon unverified data and information furnished by the city to the two rating agencies involved." Stranger still, "the agencies expressly disclaimed any responsibility for the accuracy of the information upon which they acted." Oddest of all, "Nor did they apparently recognize a responsibility to make diligent inquiry even in the face of adverse facts which came to their attention." Moody's and Standard & Poor's thus "failed to make timely adjustment to their assigned ratings . . . to the detriment of many and widespread public investors not intimately familiar with the city's affairs." Both services reaffirmed "A" bond ratings during December 1974 and left them unaltered as New York City lurched toward bankruptcy during the early months of 1975.

The SEC had a malign word or two for still another set of performers, the lawyers who warrant to the underwriters the validity of the authorization of municipal paper and its tax-exempt status. Between 1973 and 1975 four law firms shared lucrative fees as bond counsel. They appear to have done very little more than simply believe anything the city chose to tell them. One honorable exception to this stricture was White & Case, a newcomer, which in February 1975 raised sharp questions on behalf of its client, Bankers Trust. Members of the other three firms appeared to inhabit a world of their own. As one of them told the SEC. "I have always felt that when we get a certificate from a responsible official of the public body, that we are entitled to rely upon that." Here is a snatch of dialogue with a Hawkins Delafield partner:

> *Q.* Were you aware that New York City was having financial difficulties in December 1974?
> *A.* I couldn't say that I was aware that they were having financial difficulties.

It turned out that, though no underwriter would handle an issue without an approving opinion from bond

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counsel, these gentry did not labor very long over their work:

> *Q.* About how long does it take to prepare, to do the work and prepare an opinion?
> A. Well, we have precedence [*sic*!] in the office, so, the actual time consumed is probably not much more than an hour, considering preparation, typing and review.

Oh, to be a bond counsel!

The Overmilked Cow

Such a tangled tale, so many axes grinding away—what is to be made of it all? A preliminary moral concerns the politicians, bankers and lawyers who, until near the blowing point, all had interests in common. Politicians retain office by maintaining, or at worst not curtailing, public services, keeping the peace with organized cops, firefighters, transit workers and others, and refraining from raising taxes in ways noticeable to very many voters.

In New York labor peace has been historically expensive and public services by American standards lavish. Higher taxes infuriate the electorate; they also accelerate the outward migration of large corporations, small businesses and mobile individuals. Hence, ever since the last of Robert Wagner's three terms of office (1961-65), Mayors have resorted to borrowing. On some occasions the Governor—he was Nelson Rockefeller during all but the final year or so of this period—and the state legislature actively encouraged this tactic.

When the storm broke in late 1974 and early 1975, the politicians had trouble believing that this time the credit markets were closing and that the banks which had so long cooperated, for their own reasons, with successive Mayors and comptrollers were souring on New York paper. When Mayor Beame and Comptroller Goldin perceived the desperation of the city's situation, they were caught in a confusion of roles. By ordinary canons of fiscal responsibility, they of course owed the truth to potential investors. But, as *The New York Times* observed, a Mayor has other responsibilities, such as "garbage collection," "police and fire protection," "welfare, hospitals and schools." In the *Times*'s opinion, "The SEC report is of little help in judging whether Mayor Beame's actions made it more or less difficult to keep the city afloat. . . . Would it have helped to say to the world in the autumn of 1974, New York is broke?" As is its wont, the *Daily News* made a similar point much more sharply. Its columnist James Wieghart said of Beame and Goldin: "Big deal! What were they supposed to do? Warn people not to buy New York securities, then fire half of the police and fire departments, teachers, transportation and sanitation workers to bring the budget in balance?"

The question recurs, why did "prudent" bankers go along for so many years with this improvident debtor? Well, of course, one may profit from sin without oneself sinning. The banks earned underwriting fees and tax-exempt income from the paper they bought for their own portfolios. Indeed, as the interest rates on new paper rose, the attractions of New York debt as a tax shelter also increased. Up to a point, a profligate city served the short-run interests at least of its underwriters.

In 1974 and 1975 the banks had a number of reasons to reconsider. The sheer volume of New York paper, particularly the short-term notes, was beginning to alarm investors. A solicitous Congress had extended so many new tax shelters to the banking community that tax-exempt municipals in general became less attractive. Some observers have pointed to a series of banking miscues which had alarmed their managers about general liquidity—among them the ill-fated Real Estate Investment Trusts, huge and sometimes shaky loans to developing nations, and dubious commitments for tanker construction in an overbuilt market.

Did the bankers get together in their clubs and board rooms and decide the time was ripe to execute a coup and take charge of New York? I don't myself move in circles where bankers congregate, but the evidence doesn't support conspiracy theories. In public statement and internal memoranda the bankers had warned for years that the city simply had to cut services and really balance its budget. The crisis into which all parties drifted gave them an unexpected opportunity to insist upon quick realization of their dream of a city run according to strictly business criteria.

In any event, the presence or absence of conspiracy either in the legal or the ordinary sense of the word is less interesting than the thread of conflict of interest among so many participants in this urban drama. I have mentioned the unavoidable ambivalence in official minds between telling the financial truth (and driving investors to the high timber), and somehow maintaining the pretense that New York was solvent. The politicians had no monopoly of interest conflicts. Merrill Lynch had underwriting responsibilities and also obligations to its shareholders. Truth served the interests of potential investors, but earnings were and are tied to buy and sell orders for securities. The more New York notes Merrill Lynch moved the more commissions it earned.

Spare a tear for the banks. Their responsibilities included candid description of new securities to potential purchasers, good-faith maximization of their stockholders' dividends, preservation of depositors' assets, protection of their customers, and sage management of fiduciary accounts. With all charity, it is hard to avoid concluding that the first of these obligations, increasingly in conflict with some of the others, was in fact sacrificed to them.

Bond and note raters do best when the market for municipals is active and new issues win ready acceptance from investors. Early downward revisions of New York rating would have been bad for municipal securities business around the country. (When the ratings were at length altered, interest rates rose on new issues from totally innocent municipalities.) Bond counsel also profited by not rocking the boat. Rather substantial fees for remarkably little work were at stake. Reduced city borrowing threatened similar shrinkage of these pleasant emoluments.

Without unfairness, the situation might be summarized as one in which, for bankers, lawyers, politicians and

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financial experts, no significant benefit seemed to be attached to making waves. Indeed, the city might have staggered along a bit longer had it not been for the exacerbating impact upon its finances of the mini-depression of 1973-75, when reduced city revenues and higher city expenditures for welfare and Medicaid payments combined seriously to enlarge annual expense budget deficits.

In retrospect an occasional banker will concede that earlier refusal by the banks to underwrite new issues might have been the better course of action. However, it is an important Establishment rule that when mistakes are made, innocent bystanders are eligible to pay for them. Such has been the sequel to the financial crisis. The roll of losers includes City University students zapped by tuition and compensated by larger classes and fewer courses, impoverished curricula and a faculty denuded of its younger and brighter members; those note holders who in panic sold their holdings at discounts as high as 50 percent; municipal unions which perforce accepted deferrals of wage increases; and low- and moderate-income families unable to escape to the suburbs who cope daily with filthier streets, slower responses by fire companies, unsafe parks, diminished medical services and libraries open only at hours sedulously concealed from general knowledge.

It is an open question whether the ordinary New Yorker, a nonowner of municipal notes and bonds, might have fared better if the city had declared bankruptcy. Nor is the question necessarily moot—the next year or two threaten as perilous a passage as the three that preceded them.

In the ordinary sense of the word, there seem to be no villains in this chronicle, or it may be that there are entirely too many who were slightly villainous. Converging upon this city have been a host of malignant influences, among the more virulent being federal favoritism to the Sunbelt, departure of manufacturing from the region, movement into New York of hordes of legal and illegal refugees from less generous jurisdictions, and the combined weight of public policy and private preference which has impelled much of the middle class to move into suburbs and exurbs.

The city's condition is akin to that of an overmilked cow. The beast is worn out. For immobile New Yorkers the question of the moment is whether those who have nourished themselves in the past will think it worth while to build the beast up again. □

FROM WAGE HIKES TO JOB SECURITY

THE UNIONS' NEW TUNE

PAUL ROSENSTIEL

From the start of World War II the U.S. economy enjoyed almost forty years of nearly uninterrupted growth. And as the economy began to grow, so did a newly formed group of unions intent on guaranteeing that America's industrial workers shared in the fruits of post-depression prosperity. In contract after contract, unions won higher wages, better benefits and more vacations and holidays. But they didn't seek to guarantee the one item that made all these things available to workers: a job.

Contract provisions guaranteeing a job seemed unnecessary—it appeared that a never-ending demand for automobiles, appliances and television sets was a sufficient guarantee. The first duty of the contracts was to make sure that workers would have the income to buy the goods they produced at the job.

Now all that has changed. The persistent unemployment of recent years has left millions of union members jobless. It has also forced union leaders to revise their goals in contract negotiations. No longer can they simply seek more; many unions are forced to struggle just to hold onto what they have.

In the last two years the United Auto Workers (UAW), United Steelworkers (USW), Communications Workers of America (CWA), and International Longshoremen's Association (ILA) have all sought and, to some degree won, increased job and income protection.

Representatives of eleven different unions have begun a campaign for what the labor movement has traditionally pushed as one solution to unemployment: a shorter workweek. Samuel Gompers once said, "As long as we have one person seeking work who cannot find it, the hours of work are too long." That same idea was the theme at the founding meeting in Detroit last October of the All Unions Committee to Shorten the Workweek (AUCSW).

The shorter workweek, as its proponents admit, won't arrive tomorrow. In the words of one labor union official, it "would have a really massive impact on the whole economy." Nothing short of a broad, united and highly dedicated movement will bring it about over the stiff resistance of the business community.

Far short of their goal, the demands for limited job and income security that most unions have been making in recent negotiations are consistent with much post-World War II bargaining and more within the labor movement's grasp. Many of today's contract proposals to create more work are old programs in new costumes.

Early retirement plans, shorter hours and longer vacations have been staple elements in some contracts for

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years. They used to serve the straightforward purpose of giving workers more leisure; today they double as job and income-saving plans: when one worker gets more leisure, another gets more work.

Similarly, many of this year's contract provisions for income security build on existing plans, such as programs that some unions have had since the mid-1950s to supplement government unemployment insurance.

In the long run, however, unions are looking for more than piecemeal improvements. They seek comprehensive plans—such as the shorter workweek—that would guarantee jobs and income. By so doing, they challenge the conventional notion of how far a corporation is responsible to its workers. Unions are asserting that the right to a job is as basic as any other right.

"Most, if not all, employers violently oppose this proposition," says Barry Silverman, research director for the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union (ILWU). "They would rather leave workers to fend for themselves in the jungle of free enterprise." This head-on collision of basic principles is at the center of the current struggle for job and income protection.

In money terms, the issue comes down to deciding who should bear the financial costs of unemployment. The business community claims that, while the recession has cut jobs, it has also cut profits. As a result, comprehensive income security is out of the question. Union leaders disagree. Profits, they say, have already rebounded to record highs. Also, much of the job loss the unions want to guard against comes, not from the recession but from automation. And automation means a higher productivity per man-hour that, union leaders claim, can comfortably finance income security plans.

Automation was an important factor in the loss, since 1974, of the 88,000 telephone jobs and the 8,000 can manufacturing jobs that prompted the CWA and the USW to seek, and win, income security improvements in their recent negotiations. Yet real job security eluded those unions, as it has others. "Income security is a much easier thing to handle," says Cass Alvin, Western states spokesman for the USW. Although then-president I.W. Abel promised to win guaranteed jobs in the basic steel contract negotiated last April, one USW staffer says plainly, "He got caught in his own rhetoric." The union had, in fact, no plan to guarantee jobs.

The most far-reaching income security provisions in major contracts have been negotiated in the longshore industry. The technique of containerized cargoes has more than tripled productivity on the docks in the last ten years—and left many longshoremen jobless.

On the West Coast the ILWU negotiated a Pay Guarantee Plan in 1971 that pays 80 percent of a full-time worker's wages to idled fully registered workers. The East and Gulf Coast ILA has had a similar plan—the Guaranteed Annual Income (GAI)—since 1966. Since the union negotiates separate GAI agreements with individual port associations, the guarantee varies widely—from a maximum of 2,080 hours in New York to half that or less for some workers in some Southern and Gulf ports. Out of the recently settled two-month strike, the ILA won an improved GAI in some ports and, in all thirty-four ports, won a new protection plan—the Job Security Program. To guard against the possibility that claims on GAI, pension and welfare funds might exceed limited port association contributions and create a deficit, Job Security now obligates shipping companies that operate out of those ports to make up any shortfalls.

However, most unions this year settled for less protection than the ILA won. The Steelworkers, Alvin explains, sought to fashion from existing government and contract programs—unemployment insurance, supplemental unemployment benefits (SUB), health insurance, workers' compensation, pensions, etc.—a plan "so that regardless of what reason the person is unemployed we could assure him some income for a year or maybe two years."

To this end, the USW focused on improving SUB and early retirement programs in its new basic steel, aluminum and can contracts. The UAW also won improvements in SUB and the Communications Workers won an early retirement plan which will protect against layoffs.

The first SUB program had been negotiated by the UAW with Ford Motor Co. in 1956. A year later, many workers in the rubber, steel and can industries were also covered by SUB. That first plan at Ford paid benefits for six months, supplementing state unemployment insurance payments to bring the incomes of unemployed auto workers to 65 percent of their straight-time weekly earnings the first four weeks and 60 percent for the remaining five months.

By the time the recent recession hit the auto industry SUB agreements had been improved to the point that most workers were eligible for a full year of benefits paying 95 percent of earnings. Nonetheless, these improvements still proved inadequate—many auto workers remained jobless longer than a year and twice in 1975 the SUB fund at General Motors was exhausted.

Last year's auto contract contains some remedies for these problems. Employer contributions were increased and a new SUB account was established that obligates General Motors, for example, to pay as much as $74 million to assure payments to workers with ten years' seniority if the regular SUB funds run dry.

The steel, aluminum and can contracts provide SUB coverage beyond one year for veteran workers. The steel contract requires twenty years on the job to be eligible for an additional year of SUB; the can contract, signed November 1, requires only ten years. In addition, companies have an unlimited liability to pay SUB benefits to workers who are eligible for these extensions. However, workers may lose their benefits if they refuse a transfer to another plant.

The other major income security feature of the USW pacts is the "rule of 65." It stipulates that workers who have been on the job more than twenty years and who then lose their jobs because their plant closes, or they become disabled or they are laid off for more than two

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years (at which time SUB expires), can elect early retirement if the sum of their age and years of service totals 65 or more. And, until they become eligible for Social Security, or until they get another job, their regular pension is supplemented by $300 a month.

In the contract it signed with AT&T in August, the CWA has a similar provision. Called the Supplemental Income Protection Plan (SIPP), it pays up to two years of benefits to workers who retire early when faced with layoffs or involuntary work reassignment. According to the CWA's Lee White all workers with legal vesting rights in the pension fund are able to collect under the new plan.

While the plans the USW and CWA have won are significant, they offer only partial income security. By retiring under the rule of 65, a thirty-year Steelworker ineligible for Social Security would receive about $700 a month, or a little less than half the average Steelworker's income. A twenty-year worker's benefits would be about 38 percent. Under the CWA's SIPP, the average thirty-year worker would receive even less—about $180 a month.

And not everyone is eligible. Only about 40 percent of those covered under the steel contract, for example, have the necessary twenty years of service to qualify for the rule of 65 and the SUB improvements. And these are the very workers who, because of seniority, already enjoy the greatest job protection.

The epidemic of steel mill closings announced this fall did leave many of those twenty-year workers jobless, but their right to retire under the rule of 65 is now in dispute. The contract says the rule goes into effect January 1, 1978. As the USW interprets this, anyone laid off during the period of the contract is covered, but can't begin collecting benefits until January 1. The companies say those laid off this year are ineligible. So far the issue remains unresolved.

The industry's interpretation of the contract may have influenced the timing of the shutdowns. The other side of this coin, the USW hopes, is that after January 1 the rule of 65 will help protect employment by raising "the price to the employer of eliminating jobs," says AFL-CIO economist John Zalusky. Only in this roundabout way did the USW contract attempt to guarantee jobs. Most other unions have had a similar lack of success. Therefore, the shorter workweek is still in everyone's mind. "Ultimately, that's the way every union is going to have to go," says the ILWU's Silverman. Most union leaders agree.

The fight for shorter hours is an important chapter in American labor history. It began in 1791 when Philadelphia carpenters struck for a ten-hour day. In 1926, the Fur Workers' Union in New York City became the first American union to win a five-day, forty-hour week. Three years later, on the eve of the Great Depression, more than four out of five manufacturing concerns still imposed weekly schedules of forty-eight hours or more.

During the depression unions fought for shorter hours. The 1932 AFL convention endorsed a five-day, thirty-hour week "as the only means whereby the prosperity of our beloved country can be restored." In April of the next year, the Senate overwhelmingly passed a five-day, thirty-hour law, but the House killed it. In 1938 the Fair Labor Standards Act required most employers to pay time and a half for all work in excess of forty hours, thus standardizing the workweek we know today. After that the shorter hours movement faded.

The high unemployment of recent years has now made shorter hours once again attractive. "There has been a wall built around all the jobs in our nation, and a sign hung on that wall that says 'Forty Hours or Starve,' and that's exactly what a big percentage of our population is doing—starving," says Frank Runnels, president of a UAW local in Detroit and leader of the All Unions Committee to Shorten the Workweek.

The October founding meeting of AUCSW set up a conference for next April, where organizers hope to bring together representatives from 500 local unions. Already local and regional leaders from a number of unions—including the USW, UAW, ILWU, Machinists, Retail Clerks, Butchers, Mine Workers and State, County and Municipal Employees—have joined the committee.

On the legislative front, the AUCSW plans to seek first a reduction in the number of hours after which overtime must be paid. It also supports government job-creating efforts, but since four out of five jobs are in the private sector, "the final solution has to come with shortening the workweek," says Runnels.

At the bargaining table, each union will seek its own method of reducing work time. In their current contracts both the UAW and CWA won additional days off to shorten the work year. CWA members will get ten additional days off over the three-year contract. The UAW won twelve extra days off beginning in the second year of its contract. Both unions predict these extra days off will create jobs: the CWA anticipates a 2 to 3 percent expansion in the workforce, and the UAW expects an increase of 6 percent. Some other union people, however, doubt that extra days off generate jobs, saying a one-day absence can be absorbed by the workers who are there that day.

Other unions may soon fight for a shorter day. That may be a primary goal of the ILWU, for example, when it negotiates next year. The number of idle workers in some ILWU ports is so large that on occasion the Pay Guarantee fund is spread too thin to pay the full 80 percent guarantee.

But unions aren't merely seeking more jobs. They want more jobs with no cut in pay for individual workers. "The jobs ought to be supported out of profits," says Runnels. "The workers can't afford to support this thing with the meager pay that they get."

Initially, that will cost business more money, but AUCSW economic adviser Nathan Spero, who is research director for the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers of America, believes business opposition on that ground to be shortsighted. Just as business opposed the New Deal, which "in the end turned out to be their salvation," so will the shorter workweek generate economic health. Spero's projection runs like this:

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In basic manufacturing there are currently about 14 million hourly workers. Reducing their workweek to thirty-five hours will create an additional 2 million jobs, thus cutting the unemployment rate by 2 percent. By keeping individual wages constant, wage costs will rise $32.3 billion. Per-worker hour this will reduce profits from $2.87 to a still very respectable $2.08. (*Fortune* described 1973 profits as "mind-boggling" when their rate per-worker hour was $1.78.)

At tax time the increased wage costs will be partially offset by a $10.5 billion tax reduction, and taxes may even drop further because of the $34 billion the Treasury will save when the unemployment rate falls. (The Joint Economic Committee of Congress estimates that each percentage point of unemployment costs the nation $17 billion in forgone taxes and expenditures on unemployment insurance, food stamps and other such programs.) With more money in the hands of consumers, demand for products will pick up and companies' sales will jump. In the end, these new profits will go a long way toward erasing the increased wage costs.

Not all economists agree with Spero's analysis. One objection is that increased wage costs will prompt business to further automation, thus wiping out even more jobs. Another is that shortening the workweek will increase overtime, not employment. But that can be guarded against, says Spero, with laws that make overtime pay "very onerous" and with collective bargaining provisions that strictly limit the use of overtime.

Jack Carlson, chief economist for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, believes that the problem with shorter hours and no cut in pay is that the increased wage costs will force companies to raise prices. As a result, "The worker would have the illusion of having increased his wages when, in fact, he wouldn't because the prices of the goods he buys would be higher." Economists Sar A. Levitan and Richard Belous of the Center for Social Policy Studies at George Washington University argued in a recent article that this reduction in purchasing power would reduce total demand for goods and services and thus "would defeat the very purpose of reducing weekly hours—to expand total demand and absorb the available unused labor force and capital resources."

In response, Spero admits that "companies will try to recoup to the extent they can their increased costs and in some industries they may raise prices." But he has a solution: prevent the companies from raising prices. As he explains, a movement of sufficient strength to win the shorter workweek "will be able to do other things about the economy" as well. One of those things would be "to introduce some real control, like antitrust control, that would limit the ability of companies to rip off the people."

Spero's "solution" illustrates the visionary nature of the shorter-hour movement as much as it defines the size of the task the labor movement may now be embarking on. While the goal is attractive, many people both in and out of unions wonder whether the labor movement, as it is situated today, has the power to reach that goal. □

GUYANA: OLD SCARS BREAK OPEN

THOMAS J. SPINNER JR.

The months-long strike of Guyana's mainly East Indian sugar workers could signal a return to the racial strife which brought black Prime Minister Forbes Burnham to power in 1964. Supported by the CIA and the AFL-CIO when he struggled to depose Cheddi Jagan, the pro-Soviet East Indian, before British Guiana became independent, Burnham has disappointed his Washington friends by becoming more Socialist than Jagan.

British-owned sugar estates plus U.S. and Canadian bauxite interests have been nationalized. Only about 20 percent of industry is still under private ownership or supervision. Guyana has recognized Russia, the People's Republic of China and Cuba; it is a respected member of the Conference of Nonaligned States. Forbes Burnham never hid his socialism, but the United States expected him to be less doctrinaire than Jagan. Rigged elections in 1968 and 1973 greatly increased the size of his parliamentary majority. Ambitious to be an international statesman, surrounded by a growing army of sycophants, receiving only praise from a government-dominated press and radio, the Prime Minister may now have made a fatal blunder.

He seems to have pushed aside the central fact of the last twenty years—that his power rests upon sand because he lacks the support of a majority of the population. Burnham and his party, the People's National Congress, have accomplished much since 1964, but they have not achieved racial harmony. Few Americans are aware that in South America there is a nation the size of Great Britain with only 800,000 inhabitants, most of them clustered in a narrow coastal strip and a majority being of East Indian descent. They were brought as indentured laborers from the Indian subcontinent to replace the blacks when the British put an end to slavery. The former slaves had fled from the sugar plantations to the towns and villages.

Forbes Burnham and Cheddi Jagan, black and East Indian, had briefly collaborated in the anti-colonial fight of the early 1950s. After the extraordinary decision of the British to suspend the constitution in 1953, they went their separate ways. Both were nationalists and Socialists but Jagan was very sympathetic to the Soviet

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Union, while Burnham seemed more pragmatic and opportunistic. Ideology, race and personality were all involved in the split that has fractured Guyana for the past twenty years.

Jagan's People's Progressive Party won the elections of 1957 and 1961; it took British and U.S. manipulation to dump him in 1964. Colonial Secretary Duncan Sandys imposed proportional representation and insisted upon yet another election. So it was Forbes Burnham who brought Guyana to independence in 1966. Both Jagan and Burnham appeal to all Guyanese and there is some crossing of the ethnic lines, but the vast amount of Jagan's strength comes from the East Indians while the blacks flock to the Prime Minister. Since race has replaced class as a determinant of political action, many paradoxical votes are being cast; property-minded blacks and East Indians find themselves balloting for one or the other of two Socialist leaders who have so effectively controlled the political life of their nation.

Heavily dependent on the export of bauxite, sugar and rice, and trying desperately to reduce imports, Guyana's economy has never been far from catastrophe. There is much unemployment and underemployment. The hooligan element (the choke-and-rob boys) in the mostly black capital city of Georgetown—the element that helped to oust Jagan during the bloody riots of 1962-64—has never really been brought under control. Blacks dominate the civil service, police and defense. This gives Burnham a solid base of support which Jagan lacks, since his followers are spread out in the sugar and rice regions along the coast.

After boycotting Parliament for two years, Jagan decided in 1975 to give the government his "critical support." Burnham was worried about U.S. destabilizing efforts as he and Michael Manley of Jamaica moved decisively to the Left in an attempt to deal with their profound economic and social problems. Therefore, Jagan thought he saw a chance for some kind of coalition regime with Burnham.

A coalition is certainly what Guyana desperately needs if it will help to bring the races together. But it is hard to imagine these bitter antagonists ever working together again after so many years of hostility. Neither really trusts the other and each wishes to dominate. Burnham rejected Jagan's offer and further angered the opposition by assigning his party such a commanding position that some fear he may establish a one-party state and cancel the general election which is constitutionally required in 1978. The Prime Minister may be embarrassed by the thought of once again going through the rigging procedures that were required in 1968 and 1973.

Sugar provides employment for more workers than any other industry, but the work is seasonal and the cane cutters are poorly paid. They expected that more money would be available for profit sharing after the government took over the gigantic British-owned Booker corporation. Burnham decided otherwise. The Guyana Agricultural Workers Union—controlled by Jagan's PPP—promptly called a strike in August. Rejecting conciliation, the Prime Minister and his Cabinet decided to break the union and, by so doing, to destroy Cheddi Jagan and his party. Strikebreakers and troops, mostly blacks, have been sent out to harvest the sugar crop.

Burnham has always been strong among the mainly black unions in Georgetown, New Amsterdam and Linden, center of the bauxite industry. But the bauxite workers have also been restive as they find that nationalization has done little to improve their economic position. And all trade unionists have an instinctive dislike of strikebreakers. Thus for the first time the Prime Minister has found real opposition within the Guyana Trades Union Congress.

As the strike drags on, all signs point to a violent confrontation. There is talk, once again, of partition into separate black and East Indian states. But all Guyanese are aware that Venezuela and Surinam are waiting to devour them as a way to settle long-standing boundary disputes.

Perhaps the most hopeful sign on a dreary horizon has been the activity of the Working People's Alliance (WPA). Here, finally, blacks and East Indians are working together under leaders committed to the welfare of the nation rather than to a racial community. Formed by the African Society for Cultural Relations with Independent Africa, led by Eusi Kwayana (formerly Sidney King), the Indian Political Revolutionary Association, led by Moses Bhagwan, and some intellectuals, mostly from the University of Guyana, the Working People's Alliance has bridged racial animosity by stressing national necessity. Kwayana is one of the most fascinating people in the entire Caribbean. Jagan found him too far to the Left, while Kwayana found Burnham too corrupt, and black power self-defeating. Considered incorruptible, he exerts a massive moral presence. Bhagwan decided about ten years ago that Jagan was ignoring the class struggle in order to make a racial appeal to all East Indians. The WPA acknowledges that "relations between Africans and Indians in Guyana must of necessity take the highest priority in any genuine effort to improve the conditions of the masses." Africans and Indians must strive "to replace rivalry with justice in a new social and political system of collectivist or Socialist development."

Writing about Guyana in *The Nation* four years ago (December 31, 1973), I asked, with Langston Hughes: "What happens to a dream deferred? . . . Does it dry up like a raisin in the sun? . . . Or does it explode?" Guyana appears ready to explode; it could be a beneficial explosion if it forces a Burnham-Jagan coalition or if it brings the Working People's Alliance to power. If neither alternative occurs, the explosion could very well lead a decent, kindly, courageous people to national tragedy. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

More Emma than Nora

ELEANOR MARX: Volume I. *By Yvonne Kapp. Pantheon. 319 pp. $10. Paper $4.95.*

ELEANOR MARX: Volume II. *By Yvonne Kapp. Pantheon. 775 pp. $17.95. Paper $6.95.*

JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

Early in her 44th year, the youngest daughter of Karl Marx swallowed a dram of prussic acid and died within the hour. Her famous paternity and tragic fate alone assured Eleanor Marx the interest of her contemporaries and later generations. And this interest rapidly enfolded her life and death in the atmosphere of Victorian melodrama. For Eleanor Marx, called Tussy by all who knew her—sometime actress, translator of Ibsen and Flaubert, executor of her father's manuscripts and tireless crusader in his cause—took her life in 1898 upon learning that her fellow crusader, author and common-law husband of fourteen years, Edward Aveling, had taken a wife. "The brute has killed her," snapped Keir Hardie (first leader of the Labour Party in Parliament), voicing the opinion made current by Eduard Bernstein's detection—spurious, it turned out—of a plot threaded by infidelities, abuses, forged and destroyed letters, and an ill-kept suicide pact. George Bernard Shaw, Eleanor's one-time political and theatre companion, set this sad misalliance on the stage in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, altering events and their climax but presenting Eleanor faithfully in the dutiful wife Jennifer Dubedat, and Aveling in her omnivorously selfish artist husband.

Later years turned Tussy's fate into Marxist tragedy, as her suicide merged with the previous death of her eldest sister, Jenny, victim of overwork and neglect at the hands of her socialist husband Charles Longuet, and with the double suicide in 1911 of her other sister Laura and Laura's socialist husband Paul Lafargue. "Had Marx the father somehow mangled the capacity of his children to enjoy the savour of living?" asked Lewis Feuer, who concluded he had, because "the Marxist upbringing" diminished the self and thus nurtured "Marxist Tragedians."

The first full-scale biography of Tussy, by Chushichi Tsuzuki, subtitled "A Socialist Tragedy," blamed her death on the marriage of her Marxian self-restraint and Aveling's anarchist hedonism, which made "the destruction of the daughter of Karl Marx . . . almost inevitable." As socialist tragedy, Tussy's story has even become the subject of a novel and a BBC series. And now the English socialist and author Yvonne Kapp has completed her thorough, affectionate, gracefully written life (Volume I appeared in Britain in 1972, Volume II in 1976), which dispels some of the atmosphere of melodrama but rouses even greater interest in Eleanor's historical importance.

That importance was not small, for although Eleanor was neither a great leader nor intellectual, her life exemplifies many of the aspirations and conflicts of late 19th-century culture, at the same time that it illuminates the character of Marx, Marxism, and the Marxists. And Kapp's biography, while most interested in socialism and written in the English and Marxist tradition of social history, which discounts psychological explanation, supplies more reason than ever to conclude that Tussy's fate and importance arose from three facts of her life: she was the child of Karl Marx, she belonged to her generation, and she was a woman.

At Eleanor's birth in 1855, the impoverished Marx, now a resident of England, wrote to Engels: "had it been a male the matter would be more acceptable"—a boy would cost less to support. Kapp rightly emphasizes, in her excellent account of the Marx's family life, that Marx compounded this burden through his bourgeois sensibilities. Despite his poverty and revolutionary ideas, he considered himself of the professional class; and with three daughters to raise (four other children died), Marx believed, as he told Engels (although not cited by Kapp), that "certain appearances must be maintained for the children's sake," to provide the "connections and relations which can secure them a future." In short, Marx concluded, "a pure proletarian arrangement would be unsuitable here"—he even confessed to Engels, as Kapp duly notes, that he would be better off, "If only I could start a business."

Marx also displayed the Victorian middle-class sentimentality toward children. He spent long hours reading or telling stories with a Marxist twist to Tussy. Her childhood was, for Marx, a time of grinding poverty, illness, and the laborious writing of *Capital*; yet Tussy remembered it only happily and liked to recall her father's devotion through his confession: "Tussy is me."

Kapp finds this intimacy heartwarming. But she does not see the difficulty it posed to Eleanor, like other bourgeois children: ambivalent dependency. Eleanor later hinted at this ambivalence in a letter to her friend Olive Schreiner: "If you had ever been in our home, if you had ever seen my father and mother, known what he was to me, you would understand better both my yearning for love, given and received, and my intense need for sympathy." This yearning ruled her life, leading her to embrace the working class and the Jews, as well as to enter the destructive union with Aveling.

But with this yearning went a desire, felt by many females of her generation, who came to exemplify the New Woman, to free herself from economic and emotional dependence on the bourgeois home (her sisters had long been refused permission even to work). "It is time," she said, "that women too may be able to work, and have other occupations than dress." But Eleanor found the available careers few: e.g., teaching, hack research, acting and typing. She tried them all, beginning at age 18; yet her dream was to live, as Jenny wrote in encouragement, "the only free life a woman can live—the artistic one."

This was not easy to do. For, besides talent, it required loosening ties to those who expected more of her, notably her fiancé of several years, Lissagaray, and her father, from whom she had learned the socialist creed and who was certain to despise her egoism. "How I love him," she wrote of Marx during this time of deep "mental worry," "no one can know—and yet—we must each of us, after all, live our own life. The chance of independence is very sweet." Although she soon abandoned hope of an acting career

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at the advice of her teacher, the theatre remained an abiding love and introduced her to a literature that strengthened her identity as a woman and drew her toward both socialists and individualists who attacked bourgeois conventions. This literature was, above all, the drama of Ibsen.

Eleanor's discovery of Ibsen coincided with lasting changes in the circumstances of her life. Within thirty-one months she lost her eldest sister, mother, and father, and established a household with Aveling, with whom she became known to Engels as the "zealous Ibsenites." Aveling had entered the Marxist circle from Secularism, bringing the dogmas of Darwinist science and Free Thought with him. He then propagandized the kinship of Marx and Darwin while dabbling in literature and living for his own pleasure. He was the kind of man, said Shaw, who would have gone to the gallows sooner than recant a syllable" of his convictions, "but he had absolutely no conscience about money or women." Engels, ever the guardian of the Marx family, was more charitable, saying, with his characteristically idiomatic flair, "I still remember the time I was just such a noodle." And Kapp, who invariably sides with Engels and Eleanor, adds that despite the harm Aveling did her, "from the time her life was joined with his, it became purposeful. She does not doubt where she is going, she goes."

With Aveling, Eleanor began promoting the "great teaching" of Ibsen through amateur performances and her own translations. The first recognized reading of *A Doll's House* in England occurred at her invitation, featuring her as Nora, Aveling as Helmer, and Shaw as Krogstad. She also completed the first English translation of *Madame Bovary*, the story of a heroine, like Nora, with whom she had much in common: "This strong woman," she wrote of Emma in her Introduction, 'feels there must be some place for her in the world: there *must* be something to do—and she dreams."

Unlike Emma Bovary, Eleanor was not merely a dreamer (however much she, the first Marx to live without a maid, cursed "the fiend that invented housekeeping"). For besides advancing literature hostile to bourgeois conventions, she and Aveling carried forward her father's work. They labored with Engels over Marx's manuscripts and translated Volume I of *Capital*; they took a leading part in Hyndman's Social Democratic Federation, then left it along with William Morris to found the Socialist League; they wrote pamphlets arguing the socialist cause and explaining the oppression of women as another form of economic exploitation; they addressed socialist and working-class organizations in the United States during the decisive, strike-ridden year (1886) that gave explosive birth to the mass American labor movement; they participated in founding the Second International with Eleanor translating for the often warring parties; then, virtually alone among socialist propagandists, Eleanor entered the ranks of the manual workers, as a "typewriter" (the typing machine appeared commercially in the 1870s and its operators were called "typewriters"), and was the first to propose a union for secretaries, in a pamphlet on "Sweating in Type-Writing Offices"; and she joined the executive of the Gas-Workers Union.

This last action, Kapp is not the first to see, was historic for both English Marxism and the English working-class movement. For in Eleanor Marx, Marxism passed from socialist theory to working-class organization (neither Hyndman nor Morris showed an interest in unions). And the first unions to absorb this legacy were the New Unions of the *unskilled*, born in the labor upheaval of 1889, most notably the Gas-Workers Union, the first massively to win the eight-hour day and, in E.J. Hobsbawm's words, "the nearest thing to a 'red' body conceivable before the foundation of Communist parties." Amid the Gas-Workers' strike of 1889, she became their most vocal and beloved sponsor, "speaking everyday," she said, "—often twice a day in all weather in the open air." These energies made her, so Hobsbawm says, "the most prominent woman socialist militant of her time" (excepting the "brief trajectory through socialism" of her rival for Aveling's attentions, Annie Besant).

With all of this activity, how could Eleanor's life have lost meaning? Kapp provides an answer, but it ignores the cultural significance of Eleanor's temper, which holds so much of her historical importance. The decline began, Kapp explains, with Eleanor's fears for the Marx manuscripts held by the aging Engels, who showed unrestrained trust in his un-Marxist caretakers. These fears proved unfounded, but they impaired her familial bond with Engels. And then when he died in 1895, after disclosing the bitter news that Marx had fathered the illegitimate child known to her as Freddy Demuth, Eleanor (with Aveling, Bernstein and Frederick Lessner) scattered Engels's ashes on the sea knowing her secure past was unrecoverable.

The discontinuity at this time went deeper than personal loss. For she had left the executive of the Gas-Workers upon moving outside London and, more serious, she felt a shift in the winds of socialism away from her father's theories. In the very month of her suicide, she wrote plaintively to her friend and still orthodox Marxist, Kautsky, decrying the revisionism of her co-executor of Marx's manuscripts, Eduard Bernstein. Bernstein's drift toward bourgeois relativism and capitalist apologetics seemed to her to strip socialism of its force and virtue and, worst of all, it convinced people that " 'Marx *must* be played out' "; hence it diminished her confidence in the future and led her to implore Kautsky: "make Ede our old Ede again."

Eleanor here witnessed not only the slipping of Marx's authority among a younger generation of socialists (none of whom Kapp praises, least of all Paul Lafargue) but the widening retreat from Marxism of what E.P. Thompson has called its "moral self-consciousness or even vocabulary of desire." As Kapp says, Marxism now set foot on the road to becoming a game "played at universities without the smallest application to the life of the people"—even Eleanor's own union became distinctly moderate, thus confirming Lenin's criticisms of "trade union consciousness."

Analytically, what Eleanor had experienced was the separation within Marxism of materialist science, political strategy, and moral vision. Kapp herself views Marxism as "scientific philosophy," yet says that Eleanor, "as a genuine Marxist," supported any group exhibiting an "instinctive urge toward socialism." And this is to say that, despite Marx's deterministic theory, Eleanor (and Kapp, too) lived Marxism as moral vision only allied to science; for her, Marx was always the moralist whose memory became her anti-individualist conscience: "I shall never be good and unselfish as he was," she said; "I am *not good*—never shall be, though I try." These emotionally charged moral impulses link Eleanor to both the moral earnestness of Victorian culture and to the romantic socialism of Morris, whose reply to Engels's dismissal of him as a "sentimental socialist" could have been her own: "I *am* a sentimentalist in all the affairs of life, and I am proud of the title."

Kapp does not remark these affinities, and this omission induces a greater one. For just as Eleanor shared in the spirit of Victorian moralism and romantic so-

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cialism, she shared in the rise, among her generation, of subjectivity, emotionalism, relativism, the love of community, and the like in opposition to mechanistic determinism. This subjective temper distanced her from the positivistic science of both Marx and Aveling and, despite her opposition, placed her alongside Bernstein's revisionism and amid the cultural revolution that brought modernist art and modern social theory. This temper also gave Aveling's amorality its destructive power over her.

Kapp soundly concludes that Eleanor killed herself because she had lost the two animating forces in her life: love and work. But she does not explain that love and work entailed for Eleanor Marx an emotional and moral vision more demanding than even Emma Bovary's dreams. And in the end, the daughter of Karl Marx, socialist, idealist, laborer, woman in *fin de siècle* England, proved to be more Emma than Nora: with fading dreams, she could not walk out the door. □

Dissidents Contra Solzhenitsyn

THE SAMIZDAT REGISTER. *Edited by Roy Medvedev. W.W. Norton & Co. 314 pp. $10.95.*

ALFRED J. RIEBER

The multiple voices of the Russian dissent have been all but drowned out in a flood of books by and about Alexander Solzhenitsyn. He has become the subject of adoring media attention. His great literary talents and his moral courage were bound to win him a wide audience. But these qualities alone could never have guaranteed him the super-star billing which Solzhenitsyn has enjoyed at the hands of the American media. His fascination for taste makers and their public lies elsewhere, primarily in his stern anti-communism, his religious enthusiasms, and his ringing denunciations of the flabbiness of the West, all of which stir up deep emotions of fear, hate and self-abasement. This book represents the first nonofficial broad challenge to his views issuing from the Soviet Union and available to those who do not read Russian. Most importantly, it asks whether Solzhenitsyn's voice is as truthful as it is powerful.

There are seven contributors to *The Samizdat Register* of whom only two are well known outside of Russia. One of them, Roy Medvedev, is the author of fine studies on Stalin and on Social Democracy. He has also written, with his twin brother Zhores, a biologist now living in England, *A Question of Madness*, the first extensive exposure of how the Soviet secret police use mental hospitals to terrorize dissidents. The other known author is Lev Kopelev, like Medvedev a declared Marxist-Leninist, and also a sometime friend of Solzhenitsyn. (In fact, Kopelev is the basis for one of Solzhenitsyn's finest characters: Rubin in *The First Circle*.) Kopelev, often called "the Saint" for his ascetic and unselfish life, recently published a memoir of his wartime experiences and trial, *To Be Preserved Forever*.

The rest of the authors in this book are contributors to the *samizdat* publication which Medvedev edits in Moscow. The anonymous introductory note claims that these essays are "not a selection" but include most of the pieces from the first three numbers of the journal *XX Century*. This is true, but the omission of the articles on literary criticism is regrettable. Even though they may be appearing elsewhere in English, their inclusion here would demonstrate a further dimension of the socialist opposition within the Soviet Union.

What is meant exactly by this term "socialist opposition" should be made clear lest it cause serious confusion and misunderstanding. The authors do not identify themselves in this way, nor can they be mistaken for a well-drilled chorus. Neo-Leninists rub shoulders here with Tolstoyan anarchists. But these short-hand categories, while locating the sources of ideas, do not define dogmatic positions for these writers. Beneath their rich and varied arguments lies agreement upon a bedrock of socialist ideals informed by fifty years of its malpractice: a profound suspicion of the state apparatus, rejection of privilege in any form, abolition of the private ownership of the means of production and the political monopoly of its managerial control, and a general raising of the cultural level of the masses. Whether their inspiration is historical materialism or primitive Christianity seems, at least for the moment, secondary. The two primary elements which unite them in this collection are, first, their critique of the present regime, and second, but no less central to their purposes, their refutation of Solzhenitsyn, a man whose courage and stature they respect but whose public statements, if not all his literary work, they find confused, contradictory, and even dangerous.

This may seem an astounding spectacle. Here they are, a small, embattled band of Soviet dissidents, champions of democratic socialism, unable to publish legally in their own country, harassed by the police of one of the most powerful state bureaucracies in the world, nevertheless passionately engaged in debate with the world famous author (and his followers) who has become, rightly or not, a symbol of protest against the regime which oppresses them all. Does it not seem an extraordinary luxury for the dissidents to squabble among themselves while they remain powerless in the face of a common enemy?

The casual outside observer might well be struck by the apparent total absence of political realism displayed by all the participants in these debates. But the dissenters are doing something very important in Soviet society, something which no one else can do. They are debating their country's mission, its destiny and purpose. All sides in the debate, from the authors of these essays to Solzhenitsyn and his followers (who have published their own collection called *From Under the Rubble*), agree on one conclusion: the Soviet Union today is morally and intellectually bankrupt. Dissenters of all kinds take this for granted (though they can, if necessary, demonstrate it with devastating effect, as in some of these essays). What matters most of all is the future and who or what will fill the void. And once again the old question "whither Russia?" can only be answered by reconstructing the past. Among Russian intellectuals history has always been the stuff of their politics. The style of these essays may seem an awkward blend of journalism, philosophy and sociology, but the approach is profoundly historical. In the simplest terms, the central issue for the dissidents is what went wrong in Russian history and perhaps even more important—exactly when.

Solzhenitsyn has taken an unequivocal stand. 1917 was a monstrous historical mistake. As he made clear in *Gulag*, Lenin and the early Bolsheviks were to blame for having laid the foundations for the totalitarian state and perhaps even for having built a few floors themselves. Stalin was—as Stalin claimed—Lenin's legitimate heir and follower. Impelled by the same historical imperative as his critics, Solzhenitsyn has set out to rewrite the history of the Rus-

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sian Revolution, though with every published episode, or series of "knots" as he calls them, his didacticism tends more and more to overpower his literary talents.

Sasha Lenartovich, the revolutionary figure of *August 1914*, is a purely cardboard character compared to Rubin of *The First Circle*. And the Lenin of *Lenin in Zurich* is, at best, a simplistic caricature. It is plainly unacceptable for some of his defenders in the West to excuse his bad history on artistic grounds and his literary failures on historical grounds. Solzhenitsyn, at least, does not try to hide behind this double standard. In his letter to the Soviet leaders he makes clear his own desire to write and to be judged as an historian.

For the authors in *Samizdat Register* the history of the revolution and its leading personalities is much more complex than Solzhenitsyn would have us believe. The introductory essay by Medvedev, the title of which is awkwardly translated as "The October Revolution and the Problem of History as a Law-Governed Process," seeks to answer two questions. Was the October Revolution "an inevitable event" and was it "premature"? To those accustomed to the stodgy, cliché-ridden style of Soviet historical writing about the revolution, this essay comes as a refreshing and stimulating change. Not only does Medvedev write directly and unpretentiously about difficult problems of causation but he takes a sensible and balanced view of the outcome. In his view both the February Revolution which overthrew the autocracy, and the October Revolution which brought the Bolsheviks to power, were the result of a dynamic interplay between long-term social and economic pressures (what Medvedev calls processes governed by historical laws) and decisions by individuals not wholly determined by those processes.

Medvedev demythologizes Lenin's role without diminishing his crucial importance for the Bolshevik victory. Lenin was not a prophet, still less "a man sent by fate"; he simply made fewer mistakes. Medvedev has come far since his first big book, *Let History Judge*. Here, he successfully takes on many of the sacred cows of Leninist historiography. Also, and not insignificantly, he acknowledges that some Western historians "are sincerely striving to know the truth" about the same issues.

Medvedev's essay on the dual nature of the October Revolution is buttressed by the following two previously unpublished documents. A memoir by the old Bolshevik, M.P. Yakubovich, vividly recalls Lenin's personal dynamism in contrast to the disastrous, if often well-meaning, fumbling of his political opponents in 1917. Scattered throughout are some delicious vignettes of Kerensky swooning, and Trotsky gesturing, of Plekhanov, lonely and ignored, wandering the corridors of the Soviet. The judgments are stern but generally fair. Stalin does not appear at all, and there are no "traitors" lurking among the Bolshevik leaders. But the second document, a poignant letter to the Central Committee written by the dashing Bolshevik cavalry leader, F.K. Mironov in 1921 on the eve of his execution by the Soviet Government, echoes Medvedev's claim that after the revolution the party failed to restrain its exercise of arbitrary power. In contrast to Solzhenitsyn, who makes the same accusation, the implication here is that the October Revolution was the beginning of a process of democratization and socialism which fell into errors because its leaders were fallible human beings and not puppets or prophets.

Unfortunately, none of these essays deals with the crucial problem of Stalin's rise to power which, though not inevitable, was clearly a result of these errors. But the meaning of Stalinism for the future of socialism in the USSR emerges in A. Zimin's theoretical essay, "On the Question of the Place in History of the Social Structure of the Soviet Union." It is a dazzling but not altogether convincing attempt to reconceptualize Stalin's "completed socialism" as a form of the Asiatic mode of production, a cul-de-sac unforeseen by Marx, which appeared in Russia after the revolution between the stages of capitalism and socialism. Stalinist society was stagnant, incapable of generating its own dynamic. But with the rise of a world economy and culture, a condition of "interdependence" is bringing to an end the self-imposed isolation of the USSR. Exhibiting the same faith in rationality as his co-authors, Zimin now sees the possibility for the Soviet people through a self-conscious act to liquidate "complete socialism," return to the road of building true socialism and lead the way as it tried once before in October 1917 in a new worldwide advance toward a classless society. In a dialectical twist which recalls Herzen rather than Marx, Zimin converts Russia's relative disadvantage into an absolute advantage. In the 19th century this philosophical sleight of hand was called providential backwardness.

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If the spark is rekindled, however, there is still no assurance of success. As Lev Kopelev warns in his essay, "A Lie Is Conquered Only by Truth," the great danger is that a relapse may occur, a return not to the high road of October but to the swamp of the pre-revolutionary past. And this brings us back once again to Solzhenitsyn. His prescription for the future is the reaffirmation of Russia's true values rooted in the Orthodox Church and the national spirit. The last three essays in *Samizdat Register* mount an all-out attack on Solzhenitsyn's movement for a restoration of the old regime with its Great Russian chauvinism, religious obscurantism, xenophobia, its implicit anti-Semitism and its new form of "serfdom." Kopelev ridicules his old friend for believing that all the ills of Soviet Russia spring from its current ideology, as if an authoritarian system blessed by the Orthodox Church would be any improvement over one run by Stalinist orthodoxy.

Russia's history proves otherwise, and a true Christian conscience knows better. Such is the message of the essays by Sergei Elagin and German Andreev which contain a brilliant, immanent critique of Solzhenitsyn's religious outlook. Against Solzhenitsyn's pleas for repentance, Elagin sets Christ's humanism: "feed the hungry, but remind them of the higher interests of the human soul." Against Christianity as an institution, Andreev reaffirms Tolstoy's Christianity as "what all believers agree upon." Both of them reject "spiritualist theories of the nation." Like their socialist co-authors, whom they do not hesitate to criticize on other grounds, they know their history too well to seek utopias in the past. True Christianity, like true socialism, lies in the future. And miracles alone are not going to achieve either.

Nobody expects the Soviet leadership to embrace the views of either Medvedev or Solzhenitsyn. But it will inevitably move in the direction of one or the other, toward a reconstruction of the institutions and ideals of socialism or toward a resurgence of Great Russian nationalism. At present the signs are still mixed, but not very encouraging for the former. Our own abilities to affect the outcome are more limited than perhaps we would like. But, in the spirit of this book, we should at least recognize the nature of the choice and exercise whatever freedom of action we possess to increase the chances that the voices of the "true" XX Century may yet be heard. □

There's Trouble in Ethnicity

NEIGHBORHOOD. *By Andrew M. Greeley. The Seabury Press. 175 pp. $10.95.*

ETHNIC CHAUVINISM: The Reactionary Impulse. *By Orlando Patterson. Stein and Day. 326 pp. $15.*

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Andrew Greeley and Orlando Patterson are both concerned with the crisis of alienation, of being uprooted, of being cut off from self and community, which modern industrial civilization has precipitated. But they are poles apart in their prescriptions: Greeley opts for the preservation of neighborhoods, while Patterson makes an ethic of universality and a socialist perspective primary.

Greeley has written an interesting, informative, sympathetic account of specific neighborhoods in the Chicago area, illustrated with photographs of street scenes, houses, churches, people, shops, schools and playgrounds. To him a neighborhood is a "parish," not strictly in the ecclesiastic sense but as a community of people not all of whom know one another but who share "a certain fundamental loyalty and affiliation." The neighborhoods he describes are mostly ethnic enclaves, predominantly but not exclusively Catholic. Neighborhoods of this kind were once a necessity of immigrant settlement; today they have become optional but Greeley wants to see them preserved and thinks they can be. Neighborhoods exist in his view to be defended; they constitute a social turf where acceptance is based on who one is and not what one does.

Greeley provides an excellent account of the process of neighborhood disruption: panic peddling of homes, redlining, the emergence of a dual real estate market, ill-conceived urban renewal and high-rise projects, the abandonment of tenements and large-scale arson. Blacks are, of course, among the victims of this process; they are, in Greeley's view, not the cause but the occasion of the devastation of neighborhoods. The real cause, as he sees it, is that there are people who make "lots of money out of the dual real estate market" and these same people have enough social, economic and political power to continue their profiteering despite what it does to neighborhoods.

Readers will be grateful to Greeley for reminding them of the extent to which Chicago has been "the city of immigrants" in a nation of immigrants. Not only did immigrants arrive in tidal waves after 1850 but there is not and never has been a native elite of the sort to be found in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Having "made it" by hard work, sacrifice and frugality, those who still remain in the ethnic neighborhoods of Chicago are defending their "turf" and their status vis-à-vis blacks with a new vehemence. And the newer suburbs into which ethnics are being increasingly drawn often reflect a self-conscious and explicit attempt to create communities that are even more racially and socially homogeneous than the older urban immigrant neighborhoods.

What Greeley writes about these neighborhoods is often true and the detail is fascinating. But when he takes on "the enemies" of the neighborhoods he indulges in some unfounded generalizations. His condemnation of busing is one of these. It is not true, for instance, that "pro-busing forces" invariably insist that support for neighborhood schools "equals racism," nor are all urban planners out to "destroy the neighborhood" and to close parochial schools. Much of what he has to say about particular urban renewal plans, expressway construction, mammoth high-rise structures and the creation of lily-white suburbs through the legal fiction of city boundaries, leaving the welfare poor concentrated in urban ghettos, is pertinent; but it does not follow that these and similar disruptions constitute "deliberate attempts to destroy neighborhoods." Nor is it true that higher education today reflects a conspiracy to turn the children of immigrant parents against the culture and values of the ethnic group; the contrary might well be argued.

Greeley has "a thing" about "intellectual and cultural elites" who, as he sees it, are responsible for most of the ills of modern industrial societies. In their pursuit of a "modernization model" they are bent on destroying neighborhoods which they consider "old-fashioned, superstitious, reactionary and particularistic." As Greeley sees it, if you want a city for humans, maximize neighborhoods; if you want a city "for planners, bureaucrats and professors," destroy them. It's as simple as that.

Orlando Patterson presents a radically different perspective on the matter. Un-

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fortunately no summary can do justice to his brilliant analysis of ethnic chauvinism. The argument is so tightly interwoven, the concepts so precisely defined, the categories and sub-categories so carefully spelled out, and then clarified and refined, that the argument must be read in its entirety to be fully appreciated.

A conspicuous merit of the study is that it goes to the heart of the issue of "ethnicity." Ethnicity is a self-help device, a form of commitment, an ideology; it implies a conscious choice. One may be born into an ethnic group but whether one remains a member is another matter. As Patterson sees it, industrial civilization has undercut ethnic ties and the cohesiveness of ethnic groups. It has, in his words, "made Jews of us all," that is, existential exiles. As a consequence, we are witnessing nearly everywhere an intense ethnic revival, that is, attempts to shore up communities on the basis of ethnic identifications. But these efforts run counter to the logic of an industrial civilization. The efforts of Third World peoples to modernize their societies while at the same time giving renewed emphasis to tribal and ethnic loyalties, makes it even more difficult to change the structure of their society and often distorts the limited development that is achieved. At the other extreme, in industrial societies, alienation spreads and new tensions arise.

Britain, for example, is invaded by peoples from its former colonies who, stranded in a stagnant economy, band together to reassert their ethnic unity in self-defense while, at the same time, marginal native-born "whites" begin to act like militant ethnics in response to what they sense as a challenge to their status. In this country, new tensions have arisen as ethnic and racial groups are encouraged to compete with one another for jobs and status. The effect of this competition is to heighten ethnic and racial consciousness. Ethnic revivalism goes hand in hand with attempts to restore religious identifications by an infusion of evangelical fervor, "the power of positive thinking," and other strategies which have little to do with the teaching and precepts of Jesus. To recognize these realities is not to reject the idea of neighborhoods but merely to emphasize the way in which appeals to ethnic chauvinism are being used to strengthen a conservative consensus.

Today it is not so much ethnic differences that are being stressed as it is the idea of ethnicity. In fact ethnic differences become attenuated as the clamor over ethnicity mounts. "The idea of ethnic commitment," writes Patterson, "has triumphed over the content of such commitment. Ethnicity has triumphed over the functioning ethnic group, because such groups have lost their original value." Thus blacks who have banded together for strategic reasons find their own weapon being used against them. Solidarity demanded the unity and loyalty of all blacks but this in turn resulted in the emphasis on "blacks are beautiful," "black culture" and "soul" and the notion that all blacks must march to the same drummer or be regarded as "Toms." The effect, until quite recently, has been to prevent the emergence of sorely needed new leadership elements and to arrest the formation of alliances and coalitions with groups sharing similar economic interests.

The current ethnic revival began with the riots of 1967. The assertion of "black power," coupled with the riots, immediately stimulated the ethnic consciousness of other groups. Once a black was elected Mayor in Newark, white ethnic groups began to organize and compete with blacks for the attention and favor of the Establishment. First Italian-Americans and then Hispanics joined in the competition while the Establishment began to evince a lively interest in "ethnicity" it had never previously shown. Letting rival racial and ethnic groups compete for power was much easier than bargaining with them as a unit. Whether by accident or design, black faces began to appear in TV commercials as foundations made large grants for ethnic and black studies. In the process, national attention was diverted from basic social and economic issues of major concern to all disadvantaged groups, including those pristine early-American "ethnics," the residents of Appalachia.

Since 1967 the passion for "roots," ethnic origins, and being "born again" has steadily increased as the political center of gravity has shifted to the Right. Upper-middle-class forces and large corporate interests have joined with lower-middle-class ethnic groups in calling for the preservation of neighborhoods which have not been willing to receive black residents even on a selective basis. The effect, of course, has been to divert attention from the real causes of the pressures which have been undermining neighborhoods. "Urban planners, bureaucrats and professors" have been made stand-ins for what is, in effect, an attack on the federal government's role in coping with the problems implicit in industrial capitalism. Preserving neighborhoods is a worthy objective but the agitation should not divert attention, as it has, from the need to sort out the priorities, redefine national social and economic objectives, and initiate a measure of economic planning.

Both Greeley and Patterson agree that "the melting pot" concept, an unhappy image from the start, helped set the stage for today's revival of ethnicity. "Americanization" was one thing: immigrants had to become familiar with this country's governmental structures, its juridical norms, its concept of citizenship and its political system. But "the melting pot" obsession implied a coerced abandonment of ethnic back-

FEVER

Singing for snow in the windless room,
She has the untuned authority of a single voice;
For her, all objects, even the ordinary,
Terrify sleep: the bear in the closet
Is clawing the air, the windows conspire.
She has possessions: a necklace, a disease;

She wears them, they wear her down.
A scarf of water blows against the beach's
White cheek, and tears at its throat.
Half-eaten fish and squid lie on the sand,
Their silver and pink bodies iridescent
In the sun collapsing under red evening.

In dark comfort, the moon drags the old tide in.
Black clouds crowd the horizon. The town lights
Hardly bear up beneath their bleak weight.
The beach, eroded by the water it would possess,
Sings back to her: accepts, accepts. Under
The unsteady sky, the hard snow, and songs,

Silence slides into the water.

William Logan

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grounds and cultural values; it also encouraged a tendency toward arrogance on the part of the majority and, too often, prompted hurried attempts to "assimilate" in ways that did violence to individual and group values. As a reaction to "the melting pot," ethnic pluralism seemed to offer a proper corrective. But societies need to be united in shared values, assumptions and goals; negotiated accords between mutually exclusive groups are not necessarily the best way to achieve a national consensus on the critical issues.

The weakness of ethnic pluralism first became apparent when blacks and other subordinate groups—really subclasses of different racial backgrounds—began to stir to a new awareness of their rights. Once this happened, white immigrant ethnic minorities, particularly those closest to the blacks, the Chicanos and the others competitively began to assert—and were encouraged by the Establishment to assert—their ethnicity with a new emphasis. Neo-conservative intellectuals have catered to this new ethnic consciousness as a means of checkmating the formation of open, inclusive coalitions and alliances aimed at achieving structural changes in the economy.

Patterson would have us accept the social ethic of a new, corrected, and modern Enlightenment philosophy and then move on to a humanistic socialism, that is, to a truly egalitarian social order with a consciously encouraged universal culture. Only such a society, he feels, can maximize the potential of modern industry and technology for human betterment. Not that a humanistic socialism would solve the problem; but it would establish a foundation which would enable each of us to struggle with it in our own way and out of this struggle a solution might emerge. A modern humanistic socialism, again in principle, has the power to release us from the constraints of poverty, ignorance and oppression; it can infinitely extend the range of choices and that is the crux of the problem. For it is "in the exercise of choice that we begin to find our salvation." But we must first lose the fear of choosing which, at the moment, is driving people back to the "glorified ethnic group." Who knows but that people might not then opt for fraternity along with equality and freedom; they might even choose "the socialism of love . . . not the dreadful, miserable, abstract . . . and ultimately meaningless love of organized Christianity; not the given love which we passively receive from a jealous unlovable God; but real, concrete love of other people, of things that are beautiful, of artifacts which we can now create, and especially of those intangible creations which we call communities." For it is not neighborhoods or communities that Patterson rejects but a certain kind of community and a certain kind of limited or particularistic commitment. "Humanistic socialism by releasing, through choice, our capacity for love also obviates our need to hate. Hate is the product of fear and constraint. We hate when we feel that something threatens our freedom to choose. . . . And hate feeds on the 'furies' of our irrationality . . . and because hate feeds on the irrational, we are blind to the real objects of our constraints, we lash out at the immediate obstacles and the imagined foes. We attack the vulnerable, instead of the powerful, who, by preserving industrialism in its inhumane form, really constrain us."

Let me emphasize: it is impossible to summarize Patterson's argument without doing violence to its symmetry and running the risk of making it sound pompous when it is consistently forceful and eloquent. By constant clarification, the book illuminates the real meaning of familiar concepts, including ethnicity. For example, by contrasting the Chinese communities in Jamaica and Guyana (Chapter V), Patterson demonstrates how the same ethnic group will adopt different strategies, in different political and economic settings, to cope with the problems it faces. When ethnic allegiance is advantageous to economic self-interest it will be stressed; when it tends to be a limitation, it will be soft-pedaled or abandoned. When confronted with a plurality of interests—class, religious, ethnic—class allegiances will usually prevail in the long run. Again and again Patterson makes clear the primacy of economic factors in ethnic identification.

If Greeley underestimates the difficulty of preserving viable neighborhoods and communities by the means he proposes, so Patterson minimizes the distance that separates us from his conception of humanistic socialism and the difficulties of achieving it. But the confrontation implicit in their contrasting points of view brings into sharp focus a major issue of our time. And it would be, in a sense, unreasonable to expect Patterson to be more explicit for he has told us, early on, that "the solution is the struggle" and Greeley just might accept this proposition. □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

It is obvious but seldom proclaimed: serious theatre is no longer located on Broadway. We must seek it in "odd" sections of the city. This does not mean that the "advanced" and earnest examples of stage expression that proliferate on the urban peripheries are always pleasing or praiseworthy, but there is generally the hope of something adventurous and fresh. That such hopes are more often than not dashed by actual experience does not warrant broadside disparagement.

An overall consideration of the so-called experimental productions I promised in last week's column must wait till I have seen more of them. For the moment I shall confine myself to brief comment on some recently visited.

Seneca's *Oedipus*, in an admirable adaptation by Ted Hughes, staged by Richard Schechner's Performance Group, is as script (writing) the most coherent of the lot. This *Oedipus* is by no means on the same level of dramatic construction or nobility of thought and eloquence as Sophocles's. Though Seneca's plays were springboards for the Elizabethan and neoclassic French dramatists, he was more a rhetorically powerful poet than a theatre craftsman.

Seneca is much more violent than Sophocles. He was a Roman of the decadence (he lived from 4 B.C. to 65 A.D.), and his *Oedipus*, according to the Greek view, is inadmissibly obscene. Jocasta in Seneca doesn't commit suicide by self-strangulation offstage but by plunging a sword into her womb right before our eyes. The word "blood" echoes through the play. It is a long howl of rage at the state of the world, as the Romans conceived it. "Our lungs scorch/we gulp for breath but there's no air/greenness has left us/what life there is stifles/the groans are for the living not the dead" are cries which convey the prevailing mood. It is not Thebes alone that is the locus of disaster; the plague is universal. Considered as "social statement," this *Oedipus* may be deemed more contemporary than the earlier one.

There are some strikingly memorable images in the production: the digging up of masks (of the dead or of the defunct gods?) from the thick dirt which covers the entire playing area; Oedipus

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dropping clumps of the muck over his bleeding eye sockets; Oedipus, Jocasta and Creon being pushed onto the stage as unwilling pawns of the rude fates, and so on.

But much of the text is rendered unintelligible by strange accents, by an often hysterical pace which the actors cannot manage, by voices without resonance. (Joan MacIntosh as Jocasta is an exception in this regard.) Most of the acting is less than adequate, and worst of all there is no consistent style in manner, costume, makeup. One wonders whether the general crudity and sloppiness is involuntary or deliberate. The production is one of pieces and patches; interpretive notions are often private, abstruse, nonfunctional. Everyone is hard at work with a cultish solemnity which finally creates the impression of idealism of will and ineptitude of skill. Above all, I asked myself, in what way except as "experiment" is the production supposed to affect us?

The Mandrake, directed by Wilford Leach, translated by Wallace Shawn, now at the Other Stage of the Public Theatre, and apparently sufficiently well attended to justify a move to a larger space, is a vulgarization of Machiavelli's elegantly cynical and superbly subversive (1520) play.

It has been staged with everyone shouting very rapidly at the top of their bent and rushing in a Keystone-comedy frenzy (without Mack Sennett invention) while the platform turns to art-book details indicative of new locales. For relief a soprano sings soothing songs in Italian.

For Machiavelli's aristocratic licentiousness the jamboree substitutes ugly adolescent antics (characters grabbing themselves or one another by the crotch), the stuff which became the commonplace of the burlesque house when it no longer commanded the services of talented comedians. This production lacks them, and is therefore more boisterous than funny.

As I have noted, many people (and some reviewers) enjoy the exhibition. It fits the ordinary taste of our time.

A sudden indisposition (battle fatigue!) prevented me from seeing all of *K*, programmed as a "dramatic response to Franz Kafka and his work" by the Lion Theatre Company under the direction of Garland Wright at the former West Side Airlines Terminal (460 West 42nd St.).

What this piece would mean to those unacquainted with Kafka's *The Trial* and some of his short stories I cannot say but for those familiar with what has by now become a landmark of modern literature, there was a certain satisfaction in seeing flashes of Kafka's weird and discarnate world on the stage.

Orson Welles's film version was too concrete, the André Gide-Jean Louis Barrault treatment was as literal as Kafka can be made in the theatre. The Lion Theatre production, more visual than dramatic (it employed very little verbal support), proved evocative within its self-imposed limitation. The lighting, the stage pictures, the figurations, all evinced an unpretentiously effective expertise. It was an example of "minimal" theatre.

I shall have something more to say about the *Squat Theatre*, a Hungarian troupe founded in 1970 (now at a storefront showroom at 256 West 23rd St.), when I discuss the Bunch Experimental Theatre Festival as a whole in a later column. At the moment, let it suffice to refer to it as a manifestation which provides a curiously novel experience.

The Offering (Negro Ensemble Company; St. Marks Playhouse) is the work of a new young playwright, Gus Edwards, whose next play *Black Body Blues* is soon to follow. When the later play is produced I shall perhaps be able to speak more confidently about him. Not that there is anything esoteric or difficult about *The Offering*; each scene (except the penultimate one) is clear enough, well written, provocative, and all of it well acted, especially by Douglas Turner Ward, but its basic point appeared rather and perhaps willfully nondeclarative. It requires further attention.

Generally well cast and acted, Albert Innaurato's *Ulysses in Traction* (Circle Repertory Company) is very nearly two distinct plays. The first half is an effectively farcical lampoon of a university theatre at work on the staging of a play by one of its instructors. The second half is an inadequate foray into "social significance": there is a black confrontation ruckus outside the hall where the ludicrous rehearsal, participated in by students and faculty members, is taking place. But the coordination or contrast fails to register with salient force because there is a wearisome insistence on the multiform sexual hang-ups of the various characters. It is a phase of contemporary American playwriting which is becoming even more banal than the "daring" nudity on stage and film has already become.

After *Blimpie* and the still extant *Gemini*, we expect something more from Innaurato.

In Celebration, produced by The Assembly Theatre as an Equity-approved showcase with several very able actors, deserves mention because it is an early work by David Storey, the author of *Home*, *The Changing Room* and *The Contractor*; he has proceeded from strength to strength. His plays reveal him to be a writer alive to his personal background, which he has transformed into an expression of England's present social and psychological temper and condition. □

TELEVISION

PETER SOURIAN

Almost twenty years ago a young writer from Baltimore, Robert Kotlowitz, sold his first magazine piece to *Harper's*. It was called *Mr. Balanchine Builds a Ballet*. Now, as vice president for programming at WNET/Channel 13, Kotlowitz is one of the people responsible for two *Dance in America* specials to be seen this month, both devoted to Balanchine's work. They include the Stravinsky *Violin Concerto*, *Four Temperaments* and *Jewels*.

This was not an altogether easy feat. Balanchine has been reluctant to have his work televised, partly from fear of having dancers' arms and legs cropped from the picture. Other *Dance in America* specials, coming in January, will include Merce Cunningham, Pilobolus Dance Theatre, the American Ballet Theatre and the Paul Taylor Company (which makes integral choreographic use of television as a medium, as Balanchine does not). Thus dance comes into its own on TV, where in the past it has for the most part been stuck into five-minute spots on such variety programs as *Ed Sullivan* and *Your Show of Shows*.

Normally vice presidents in charge of programming are hired because they have noses for the lowest common denominator. WNET's Kotlowitz was hired for the opposite reason and it is my contention here that for those who decry TV as a plug-in drug—nefarious per se—he actually represents a greater danger than Mort Werner, Marty Starger and Fred Silverman combined.

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People like him threaten to make TV respectable.

I recently interviewed Kotlowitz, with two related notions in mind. First, he seems to me to embody a transitional phase through which television is now passing and which will lead to positive changes as the monolithic hold of the major networks is eventually broken. Second, people like Kotlowitz, more than the purveyors of bread, circuses and white noise, are the ones who will determine on an unprecedented scale the course of our cultural life over the next twenty years. From the commercial programmer's point of view, Public TV's audience is in the mere 1-digit millions, but it is growing, and even now this drop in the bucket is an ocean by the standards of print media editors.

Kotlowitz himself came of age without TV, in a household whose center was the library. Writing continues to be the centerpiece of his aspirations; his published novels, written on weekends, give evidence of care for language and a real interest in issues of cultural identity. After majoring in the humanities at Johns Hopkins, he served as an infantryman in World War II. This experience strengthened his resolve to write. It seems to Kotlowitz now that when he first came to New York, writers talked in a comradely way more about writing and less about "deals" than they do now.

He first found himself in publishing, as associate editor with Vance Bourjaily of Pocket Books' *Discovery*. When that series was discontinued he was condemned to putting out Westerns and mysteries. He then went into music, for which he had been prepared by studies at Baltimore's Peabody Conservatory; he wrote reviews for *Hi-Fi Magazine* and then was involved in Artist Relations for RCA Victor, and was exposed to individualistic and gifted executives like George Marek and CBS's Goddard Lieberson, types eventually driven out by rock.

He became a senior editor first for Huntington Hartford's *Show* and afterward for *Harper's*, where he wrote a monthly piece on the performing arts. He became managing editor to Willie Morris, walking out with much of the staff when Morris left.

Thus, each of these ventures—attractive to someone like Kotlowitz—collapsed for financial reasons. *Harper's* got itself a former *Time* staffer for its editor. The game there increasingly became circulation, just as the music game had become rock, just as before that the paperback game had reverted to genre fiction. So where to go? One already sees the arrow, pointing ironically in the direction of TV.

When he took a job at Channel 13, one of the first things he did was to produce the Knapp Commission Hearings on the New York Police which was how he learned the technology of the medium. Before that he'd seen very little television. Since then he's been trying to build a schedule that provides a complete broadcasting service. He hopes "to touch life in this country at every point."

I asked him what he felt he and WNET's president Jay Iselin had accomplished in the past few years. He mentioned the live cultural events accessible to so many people who wouldn't know them otherwise; a nightly public affairs program as distinct from hard-sell news: *MacNeil-Lehrer Report*, *Dance in America*, *The Adams Chronicles* (a major financial outlay and an unprecedentedly large

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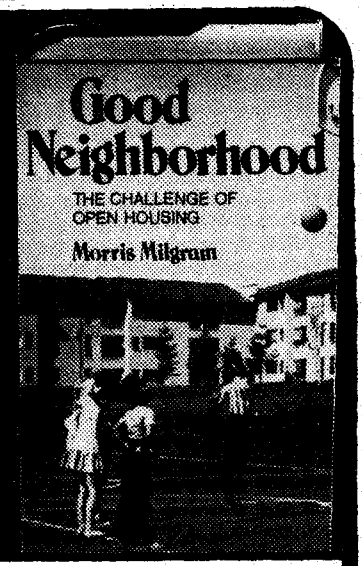

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audience). Kotlowitz is proud of having tried to bring in writers and let them write their own stuff. He's also proud of the loyalty of Channel 13 watchers; in five years the number of subscribers has gone from 55,000 to more than 300,000.

What are some gaps? Because there is little programming for children from 6 to around 14, WNET is now forming a basic children's unit. Kotlowitz is also concerned about the question of depth. "If we were offered a half-million dollars to do a weekend show three weeks from now on the energy problem, I would refuse the offer. I do not want to do thrown-together stuff."

Kotlowitz is willing to impose his own tastes. He reads Trollope, which had to do with his programming *The Pallisers*. When I asked him about the effect of TV on books, he said that he was delighted to see Trollope novels prominently displayed in many bookstores after *The Pallisers* began running on Channel 13.

Alistair Cooke notwithstanding, there are signs that the American tail is beginning to wag the BBC dog. One night Kotlowitz had an excited overseas phone call from an English acquaintance who had just been watching a dance program with Martha Graham; Kotlowitz was told how fine it was, that he really ought to buy it for American TV. "But it's ours," he replied. "*You* bought it from *us*."

Kotlowitz feels that to dismiss TV as intrinsically somehow bad involves a denigrating view of people, as if people can be so easily steamrollered or dehumanized by a technology. Of course very many take that position, among them thinkers as worthy of respect as Lewis Mumford and Jacques Ellul. I wonder if some of this concern is altogether commendably motivated. For the first time in history unimaginable numbers of people are being exposed—never mind how muddily—to what had always really been extraordinarily *privileged* information, even after the advent of the previous major communications technology of print.

The liberal conscience, somewhat uncomfortable about coveting material privilege, may tend more easily to hug cultural privilege to itself. Indisputably liberal personages in the 19th century frankly and comfortably distinguished between books, which according to them must be written and published freely, and newspapers which, being of much greater circulation, ought therefore to come under a degree of censorship so as not to endanger order by possibly inflaming the populace.

Perhaps, then, today's media Savonarolas should fear the "good" rather than the "bad" TV programmers. The good ones cannot be shrugged off with contempt, and they are actively engaged in exposing greater and greater numbers of people to good culture, good information.

I take this opportunity to praise briefly the *ABC News Closeup* of December 1, a series of interviews with Vietnam veterans from the class of 1964 of the Chatham, N.J. High School. The difficulties of these men, exposed against the implicit background of the incredible stupidity of our war there, emerged in a short and modest but effective treatment, notable for its gravity. As the documentary points out, while about 10 percent of the children of Congressmen of comparable age went to Vietnam, about 20 percent of the Chatham class went, and that was a largely white and middle-class school. One of the last shots was of a Congressional hearing on Veterans' affairs—almost none of the committee members was present. Not enough voters among veterans of Vietnam to bother with, as the narrator says. □

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 4. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Herbert von Karajan, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 674. $8.98.

Symphony No. 7. WAGNER: *Siegfried Idyll*. The same. Deutsche Grammophon 2707 102. $17.96 (two discs).

Symphony No. 8. The same. Deutsche Grammophon 2707 085. $17.96 (two discs).

Symphony No. 9. The same. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 828. $8.98.

Whether in low crouch (the brass chords that open the Adagio of the Seventh Symphony) or in full cry (the multi-themed conclusion of the Eighth), the tonal translucence of the Berlin Philharmonic is something to hear. I'm not insensitive to the sheen of these performances, nor to the thousand admirable details of execution—the impeccable transfers of line from one instrument to another, the clarifying precision with which cross-rhythms and dotted figures are limned—but somehow the focus is wrong. Sleekness isn't what Bruckner's symphonies are about, and the particular tonal character of the Berlin orchestra, as manifested in the bland oboe tone, the almost electronically glossy strings, the epicene delicacy of the timpani strokes, is nothing but a distraction: the musical equivalent of South German ecclesiastical baroque spaces rendered in plastic.

(The Nowak editions are used for Symphonies 4, 7 and 9, with the appropriation of a few percussion touches from the dubious 1889 edition of the Fourth; though the Eighth is labeled "Version of 1887," Karajan in fact plays the historically inauthentic but musically defensible Haas conflation of this version with the later 1890 one.)

MAHLER: *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. Jessye Norman, soprano; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone. Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra; Bernard Haitink, cond. Philips 9500 316. $8.98.

With nine of these twelve songs sung and played in Mahler's original keys and instrumentation, this disc is closer than any other to an authentic presentation of these elegant, *faux-naif* folklore settings. The scrupulous and vivid playing of the orchestra is another strong positive factor, though not the palpable limitations of the singers: the baritone operating beyond the far end of his tonal resources, the soprano occasionally below her best form (and below the pitch as well). I still balk at the transformation of some of the songs into duets—confrontations instead of narrations. All the evidence I've traced of Mahler's own performances indicates that the "He" and "She" markings in the printed music are for the singer's information, that Mahler never performed any of these songs with more than one singer.

Nor, it seems, did he ever play the songs in their published groupings—but the LP record makes its own demands. Since it also offers more flexibility than the concert hall, I still hope that someone will record all of the *Knaben Wunderhorn* songs as Mahler wrote them, using as many singers as necessary to match the written keys. And the orchestra to play that recording should certainly be the Concertgebouw under Haitink. (The transposed songs here are *Der schildwache Nachtlied*, *Trost im Unglück* and *Revelge*; the first is correct in all other recordings, the second only in Szell's, the third only in Bernstein's.) □

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1708

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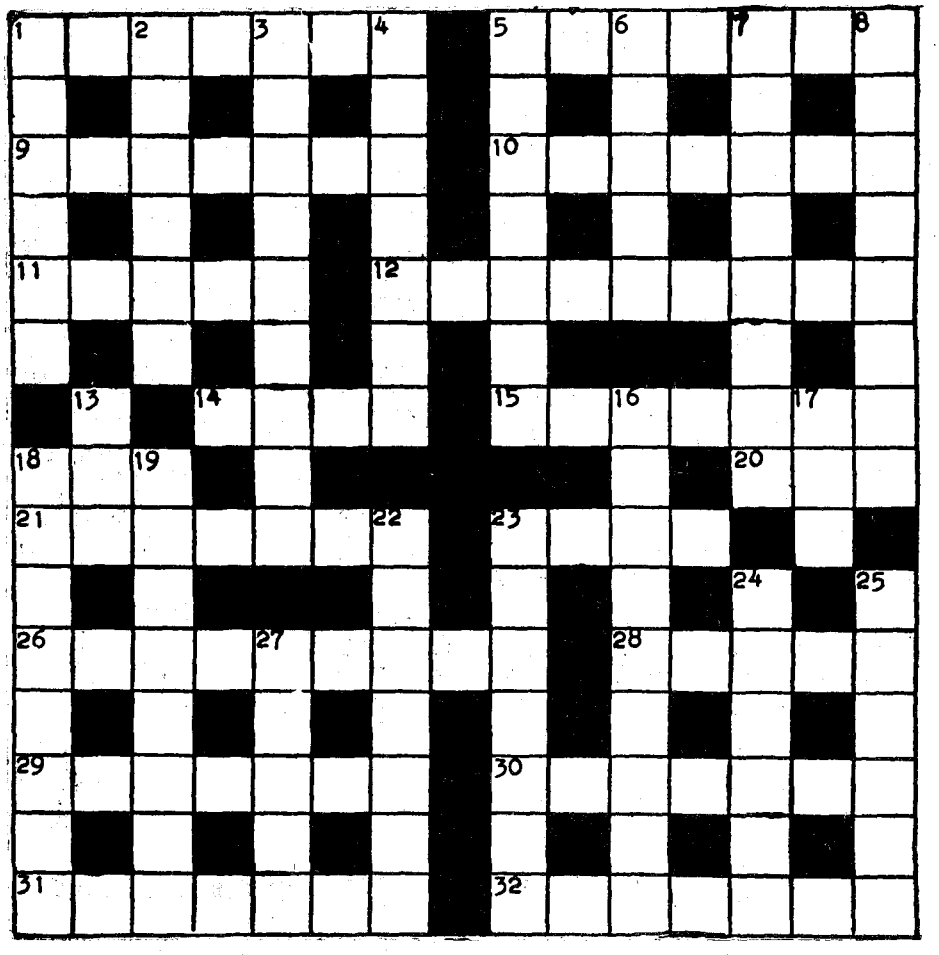

ACROSS

1 and 5 across Have you forgotten the words to it? I'm forever doing so! (7,7)
9 Certain monkeys make glaringly stupid blunders! (7)
10 When sunny, his disposition is almost certain. (7)
11 Operatic girl, possibly Roman. (5)
12 Nevertheless cash ought to balance out with it! (There's no advantage here.) (4-5)
14 See 13 down
15 Turtle shelter. (7)
18 Get in debt to someone, and it's nothing to us! (3)
20 Oh, this should begin the verse everyone knows! (3)
21 and 24 down Just a touch of the fever, obviously—not much to talk about (2, 5,6)
23 See 26 across
26 and 23 Obviously fall is in the air. (9,4)
28 Anyway, he didn't leave an unhappy widow! (5)
29 One who flies from Batavia to Rome? (7)
30 Wallpaper or glass might be met in large clumps. (7)
31 Sort the French consider lights. (7)
32 A clenched fist in 20 to prove the answer. (7)

DOWN

1 and 18 down How one sometimes clasps hands—underhandedly, however. (6,4,4)
2 The direction of Sullivan's soldiers. (6)
3 One hoped Sam's playing was. (9)
4 Inserts wind, in a way, about 135 degrees. (7)
5 Bites us mostly in the manner of a bee.
6 Flower-like Joyce character. (5)
7 Lucid and clear. (8)
8 Sounds like a shining example of young manhood—when they first talked, you heard it, perhaps. (5,3)
13 and 14 across Exemplified by snaffle and auger, or one quarter thereof. (3,4)
16 Paradoxically, the first word is safe, while the second is not, as one might specifically choose. (6,3)
17 Restrain the old lady with the crazy get-up! (3)
18 See 1 down
19 They first considered gypsies so. (8)
22 Sleeveless coats, in one of which a literary pilgrim lay. (7)
23 Rakes, when associated with fire. (7)
24 See 21 across
25 Does it now mark the beginning of the weekend servant, according to the book? (6)
27 In the next Olympics, you'll have to applaud a lot! (5)

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